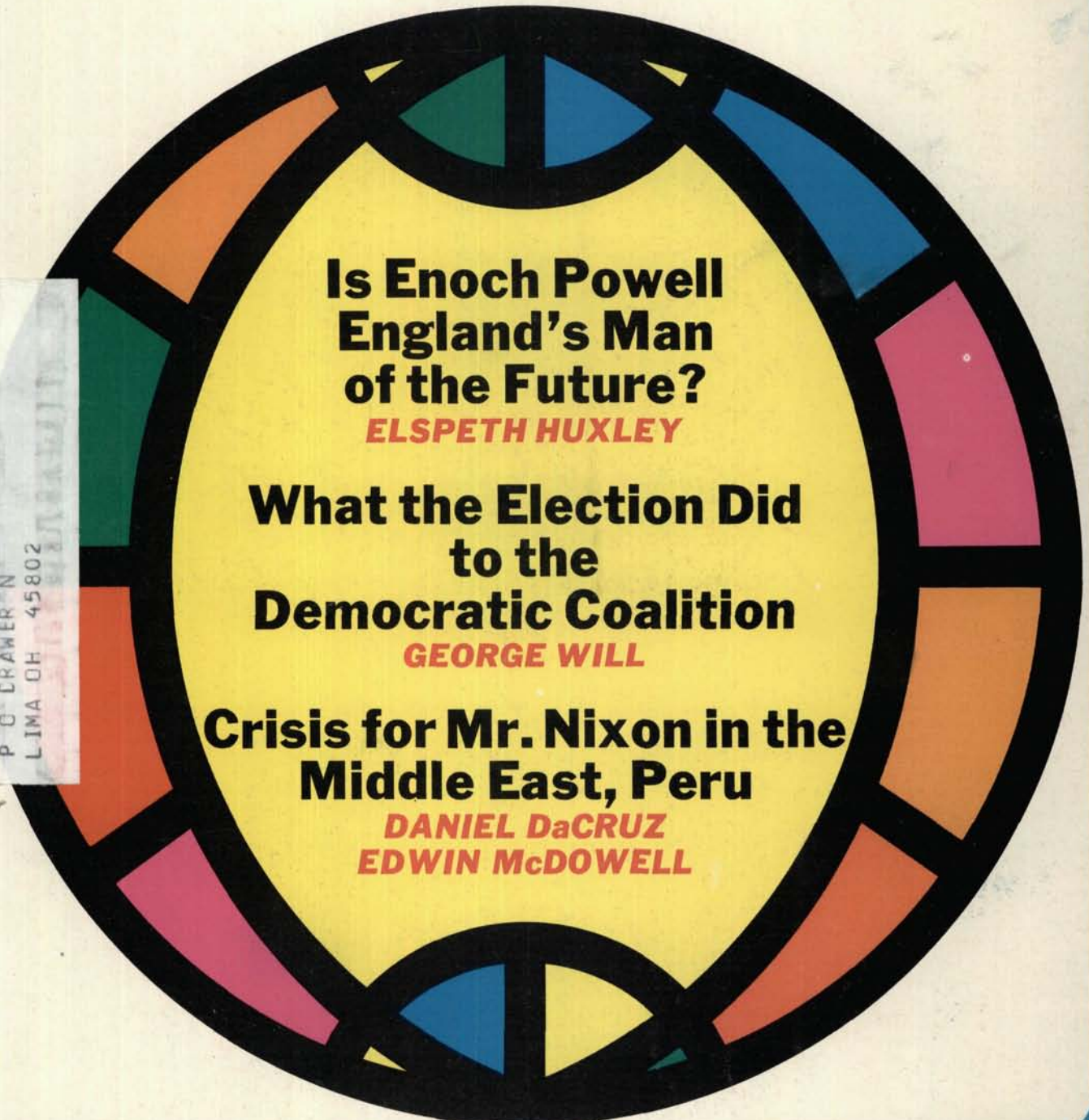
60 CENTS
ICD

APRIL 8, 1969

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. asks:
There a Goldwater Blacklist?
-see page 351

NATIONAL REVIEW



Is Enoch Powell England's Man of the Future?
ELSPETH HUXLEY

What the Election Did to the Democratic Coalition
GEORGE WILL

Crisis for Mr. Nixon in the Middle East, Peru
DANIEL DaCRUZ
EDWIN McDOWELL

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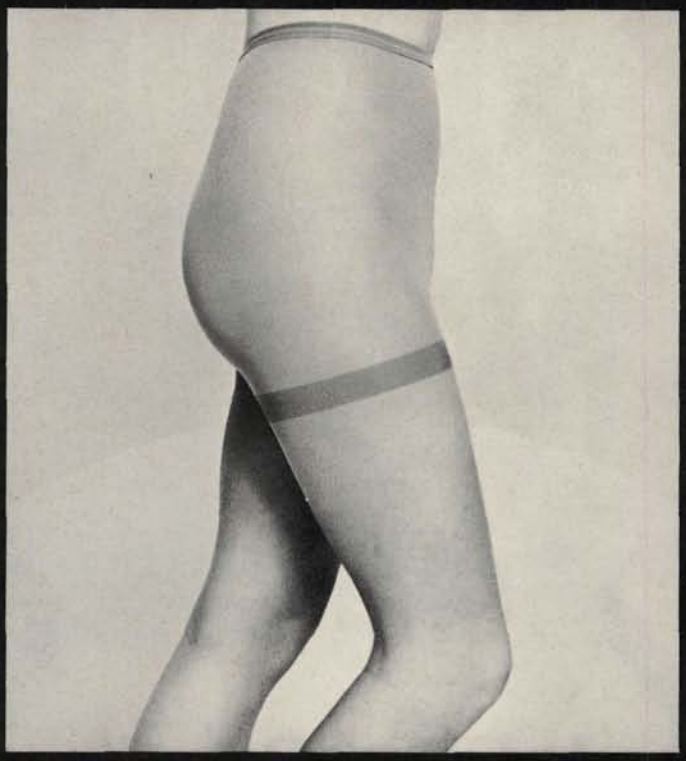

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Why the Foreign Money Crisis Could Trigger the Next Depression

AND HOW YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR LIFE SAVINGS

If economist William F. Rickenbacker is right, there may be little time left to convert your holdings to a form that can withstand the coming financial holocaust. In DEATH OF THE DOLLAR, he explains with cool – no, bone-chilling – logic, why he thinks the depression must come. Then he reasons out the steps (the very few steps) that you can take to protect the assets you've accumulated.

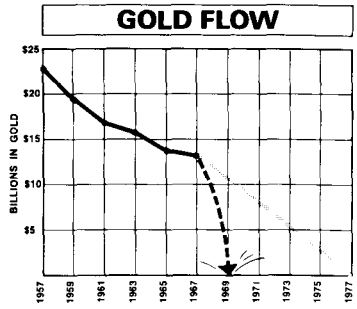
WHAT A NIGHTMARE! You lose your job or business. You see the value of your stocks or property drop by half overnight. You lose most of your savings. In effect, you must pay twice as much for your mortgage or car loan, *and you can't get any further credit!* The trouble is, this may not just be a bad dream; it could be a FACT.

According to Rickenbacker, *the stage is already set for the worst depression in American history.* It is the current gold crisis that will trigger the holocaust. Nobody knows exactly how and when; it could be next year or maybe next week. But strike it will, says Rickenbacker, *probably with no more warning than what you are reading right now!*

Step by step, the author explains why. He shows how our gold reserves are tied to our international balance of payments. With plain horse-sense reasoning, he shows why all the financial parachutes and fire extinguishers that the government has laced through our money system will prove to be *frauds* when the chips are down.

Does FDIC insurance on your savings account make you feel secure? At this very moment the FDIC can pay no more than $1 for every $100 of yours it has insured! Are you impressed when the Federal Reserve "monetizes the debt"? Rickenbacker shows how this can take a $100 debt, turn it into a $600 credit and skyrocket the cost of milk and eggs. Does $10 billion in gold sound like plenty of "reserves"? It's less than half of what we had just a few years ago – and it now is supposed to support *four times more* in short-term loans to the U.S. How long will foreign countries continue to accept our notes – our promise to pay in gold – *when they know we soon may have no gold?*

Above all–Rickenbacker shows why Wall Street and the entire financial community can be *expected* to be caught napping when the hurricane strikes. (Their slumber is almost a required ingredient.)



THE CHART TELLS THE STORY. Black line shows loss of gold reserves since 1957 as foreigners cash in dollars for gold. Grey line projects loss of remaining gold by 1977 IF rate of loss stays the same. But the outflow is sure to speed up. Reason: we continue to spend far more dollars than we can redeem in gold. Broken line shows what will happen as nervous creditors lose confidence and "rush" our government in a panic to "get their gold before it's too late". Then the U.S. must stop redeeming dollars for gold or run out of gold – thus driving the price way up and cutting the dollar's buying power. Will it happen this month? In 1969? 1970? No one knows; it could happen any time now.

How You May AVOID Financial Disaster

If a reading of Rickenbacker's analysis makes sense to you, you'll want to know what steps to take as a hedge against the trouble ahead. The author analyzes all the major investment possibilities – stocks, bonds, convertibles, real estate, cash savings, art treasures, etc. – showing which types of holdings you may want to avoid, which are more likely to provide you with a crash helmet.

Please understand, *this is not a tip sheet in book form.* There is no "sell Tweedledum and buy Tweedledee" advice. This is a financial analysis written in plain (and graceful) English. Any high school student can understand it. The purpose is to show the average investor what *really* is going on in the world of international finance so that he can make more knowledgeable decisions about his current and future investments.

Risk-Free Examination

Send for a copy without risking a penny. If not pleased with it, simply mail it back within 30 days of delivery and you will receive a refund in full *plus extra money* to reimburse you for return postage. Mail coupon below with $4.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

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Gold Stocks*	Art and Antiques	Metals
Common Stocks	Preferred Stocks	Bonds
Savings Accounts	Developed Real Estate	

* *Don't jump to any conclusions*

Only 2 or 3 of the above investments will weather the coming financial storm, according to Rickenbacker. Every expert who saw this chart before publication of the book guessed wrong. When Rickenbacker explained the reasoning behind his choices, every expert ended up agreeing with the author!

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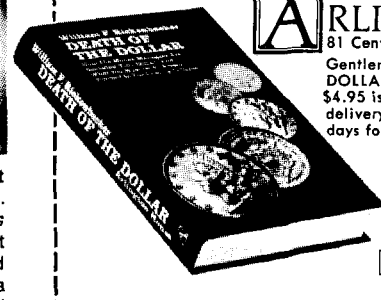
"It is certain that the reform [increase in gold price] will have to be carried out. The only question is to know whether it will be done before or after the general crisis."
– William F. Rickenbacker

William F. Rickenbacker is an independent investment advisor and Wall Street analyst. If you read his first book, *Wooden Nickels* (1966), you know that he flatly predicted that silver prices would skyrocket. If you followed his advice, Rickenbacker has put you in a brand new tax bracket – and you will need no urging to read his new analysis of the gold crisis.



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FOR THE RECORD

■ Hardening up: The **University of Texas** said no when the SDS asked to hold its national council there last weekend ("we neither support nor encourage the destruction of our present society," said Texas president Hackerman), and so did civic authorities in Albuquerque when they found out that **Reies Lopez Tijerina**, who had signed up the Civic Auditorium, was fronting for the SDS. Final solution: a meeting in Austin, Texas, but on off-campus facilities. . . . Left press (*Worker, Guardian, New Left Notes*) enraged at indictment of eight leading Chicago demonstrators (**Dave Dellinger, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis,** Yippies **Rubin** and **Hoffman, Bobby Seale** of the Black Panthers among them) for their part in Chicago riots. They're the first to be indicted under prohibition against crossing state lines for the purpose of inciting riots, included in 1968 Civil Rights Act ("the **Stokely Carmichael-Rap Brown** law" is what the *Guardian* calls it). . . . Rubin said he was proud of receiving "the Academy Award of protest" (I hope I am worthy of it), Dave Dellinger of *Liberation* and Mobe blamed it all on the Nixon Administration. . . . A bevy of **peace fronts** that have roosted happily at 5 Beekman St., NYC, for years are being evicted. The *Guardian* urges sympathizers to help defray expenses by sending checks to the "Move the Movement Fund." (No, we won't tell you where.)

■ A private Quayle poll taken in New York (reported on the Evans-Novak newsletter) says any Democrat—"even **Robert Wagner**" — could beat **John Lindsay** at this time. Report also found "surprising" support for Lindsay's conservative Republican opponent, Staten Island state senator **John Marchi**, "who is comparatively unknown." . . . Staying in the public eye: last week both members of the Democratic ticket in '68—**Hubert Humphrey** and **Edmund Muskie**—announced they would be writing regular syndicated newspaper columns in the near future. . . . Humphrey, still plagued by that picture of him arm-and-arm with **Lester Maddox**, now explains that he just grabbed Maddox to keep him from falling on a slippery rock step. . . . What's that again? Rep. **David Satterfield** (D., Va.), who found he spent only 81.705 per cent of the funds he collected for his re-election campaign, is returning 18.295 cents (per dollar) to each campaign contributor.

■ Terribly embarrassed: After four days of diligent snooping, Scotland Yard agents were not able to turn up the eensy-weensyist Mafioso in **Anguilla**. A clean-up of underworld types was the excuse for the invasion. . . . Also embarrassing, report by well-informed *Modern Africa* that two automobile assembly plants in Rhodesia, closed down two years ago because of sanctions, are now turning out assembled Peugeots, Alfa Romeos, Citroëns and Daihatsus. How the parts got to Rhodesia no one is telling. . . . From Greece, bad news for exiled King **Constantine**. The twenty drachma coin, which used to feature Constantine, now carries in his stead one (1) phoenix rising from ashes.

Daily Mail, London — Ben Roth Agency

"I wonder whether you'd care to join me in starting a population explosion?"

■ Sen. **Everett Dirksen** has taken first stab at naming the Nixon Administration. His suggestion, which no one seems to be taking up, is: "The Responsible Society." . . . Dirksen, incidentally, is responsible for working out the compromise that got **Otto Otepka** out of the State Department and into a well-paid job on the Subversive Activities Control Board where Otepka will be better equipped than most present SACB members to do a good investigative job. . . . Rep. **John Saylor** (R., Pa.) has proposed a constitutional amendment (HJ Res. 82) that would permit Congress, by a two-thirds vote of both houses, to veto Supreme Court decisions. A poll on that amendment taken by the National Federation of Independent Business found a surprising 61 per cent of its membership favoring passage. . . . Senators **Kennedy, Javits** and **Fulbright** notwithstanding, the tide against U.S. recognition of Red China is running strong these days. A recent Harris poll shows 44 per cent of Americans oppose recognition as against 33 per cent two years ago. . . . Despite considerable pressures **Joseph Palmer**—an anti-South Africa, anti-Rhodesia man—still is hanging on to his job as Under Secretary of State for African Affairs. Rumored as possible replacements: **George Lindsay**, John's brother and his 1965 campaign manager, and former State Department official **Waldemar Nielsen**, now head of the African-American Institute (whose outlook is Palmeresque).

■ Would you believe it: It costs the City of New York more money to dispose of the Sunday *New York Times* than it costs to buy it.

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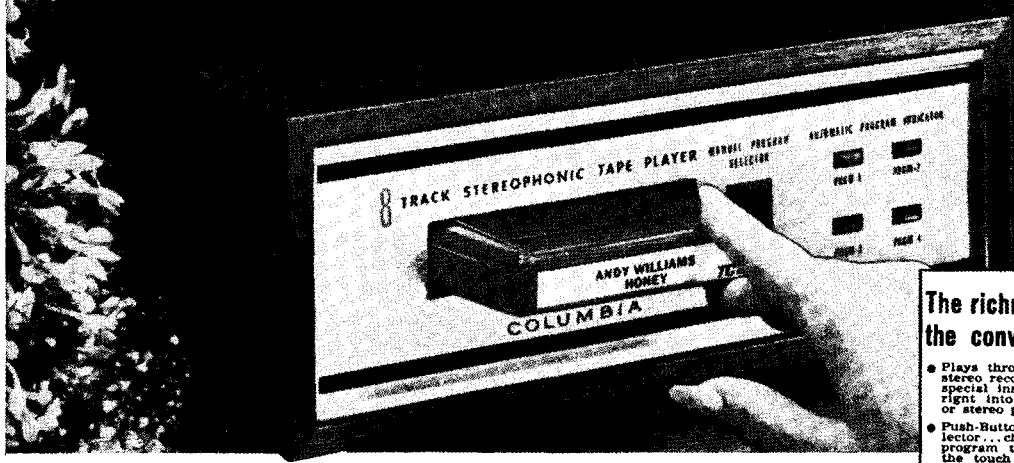

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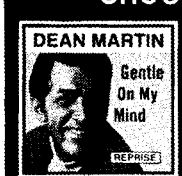
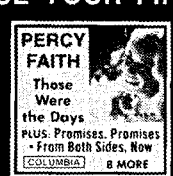
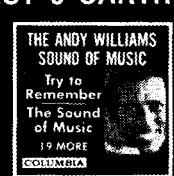


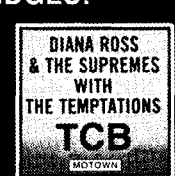
7114. Also: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Honey, 11 in all



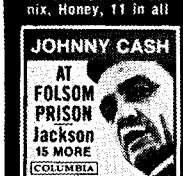
7348. Also: Little Green Apples, Fool On The Hill, etc.



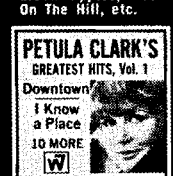
7442-7443. Twin-Pack Tape (Counts As Two Selections).



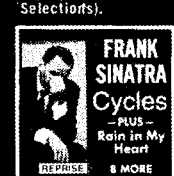
7273. Original Sound Track from TV spectacular



6415. Folsom Prison Blues, The Long Black Veil, The Wall ,etc.

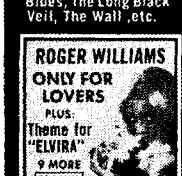


7115. Plus: Color My World, My Love, Call Me, Two Rivers, etc.



7245. Also: Little Green Apples, Moody River, 6 more

7150. Tune in, and turn on . . . as mod as Carnaby Street.



7249. Also: Up, Up And Away; Talk To The Animals; 11 in all

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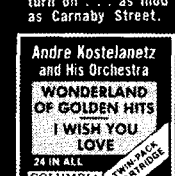
7179. Also: VooDoo, Chile, Rainy Day, Dream Away, 16 in all



6237. Plus: Java, Ebb Tide, Walk On The Wild Side, 26 in all

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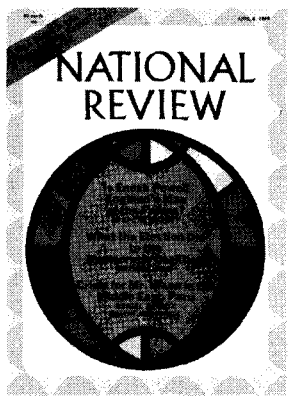
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **George Will** ("What Happened to the Democratic Coalition?") is a young man with a strong sense of the past. Born in 1941, he writes: "I am one of the few members of the 'Now' generation for whom the shaping events happened long before 'Now.' That is, the history of the 1920s and 1930s is the 'experience' from which I have learned most. . . . So strong is the retrospective cast of my mind, I used to feel oddly cheated by being born too late to have the educational experience of seeing fascism in the flesh. I need not have felt cheated. No one whose vocation brings him into contact with the very most 'Now' minority of collegians is going to escape contact with some fragments of the 1930s." Mr. Will is an assistant professor of political science at the University of Toronto and a visiting lecturer at Michigan State University. . . . The British today are talking about Powellism which, depending on one's view of Enoch Powell, the explosively forthright Tory politician, means either down-to-earth realism or guttersnipe racism. **Elspeth Huxley** looks at the philosophy, and the man, behind the *ism*. . . . Letters, this issue, from all over: **Edwin McDowell**, editorial writer for the *Arizona Republic*, writes from Lima about the aggressive militarists ruling Peru; **Daniel daCruz**, who has written widely about U.S. political and economic involvement in the Middle East, sees dark days ahead for Lebanon; and regular correspondent **Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** reports from the Caribbean. . . . **Harold O. J. Brown** is a Congregational minister from Boston currently based in Lausanne. And reader **Martin Andrews** takes issue with Kenneth Melvin's view of the welfare state.



■ Richard Weaver's study of the South, posthumously published, is, in **Jeffrey Hart**'s opinion, his "best, most moving and interesting book." . . . **Anthony Lejeune** deals urgently with the version of the French student revolt presented by some blinkered Britons. . . . **Max Geltman**'s review of a new book on Marx starts off with an interesting point—that some of the best leftists are anti-Marx. . . . **Donald Coxe**, a young Canadian businessman and lawyer, knows more about Pierre Trudeau than a new biography is willing to concede. . . . Had enough of those social pundits on TV? Here's **C. H. Simonds**, landing on the whole Smothering brotherhood. . . . And **William A. Rusher** writes happily of Bora Bora in the South Pacific. Speaking of happiness, Mr. Rusher was recently raised to knighthood in La Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, each of whose members swears to "live a true gastronomic life and observe irreproachable wine-drinking customs." We can report that no knight ever served the Grail more loyally than Sir William serves his cup.

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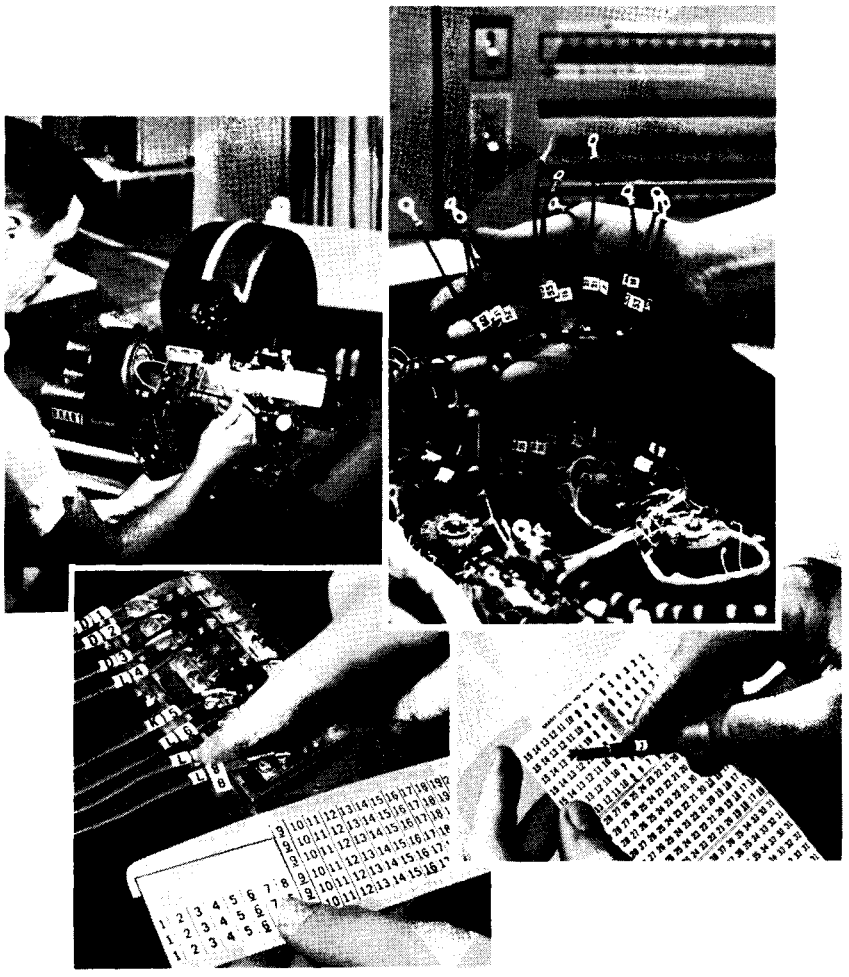

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LETTERS

Phillips on Conservatism

Mr. Norman Phillips makes several good points and a few not so good ones in his article on philosophical conservatism [*NR*, Mar. 25]. A major calamity is his attempt to link together Oswald Spengler and Irving Babbitt on the grounds that they were advocates of "greater selectivity." A characteristic trait in Babbitt's thought is his extreme suspicion towards all attempts at system-building. Even a rather casual examination of his works will show that his ideas have little in common with Spenglerian ideologizing.

Mr. Phillips is right when he recommends Irving Babbitt for more careful study among American intellectual conservatives. Babbitt's thoughtful critical humanism involves an individualistic approach which steers clear of a sterile "libertarian" atomism without ending up in a credulous traditionalism.

Syracuse, N. Y. CLAES G. RYN

Greenway on the Indians

In an era when historical writing is characterized by moralizing rather than objective study, it was a genuine pleasure to read John Greenway's excellent article on the American Indian. I have examined some of the books he mentioned, and I fully agree with his view as to their one-sided presentation of white-Indian relations. The myth-makers have taken over Indian history just as they have captured black history.

It is interesting to reflect upon the wide, and ominous, gap opening between the bulk of the academic community and American society. The rise of New Left histories of the cold war and the acceptance of propaganda-oriented black history suggest that intellectuals are at war with America and are using history as a weapon. The Indian has indeed become a club to get Whitey.

Charlottesville, Va. JAMES W. ELY JR.

Who let John Greenway in? I don't presume to pit my second-hand conceptions of our "mistreatment of the Indians" against his anthropological eminence. I have, however, spent more time "on the Right" than he. Here "on the Right" we have been caricatured as often and lost almost as much ground as the Indians in the past hundred years, which perhaps explains my affinity for them, as opposed to Mr. Greenway. One does not reach the Right via such frenzied recantation, surely, nor by standing where one has always stood and lopping off the Left. I don't say take all the blame for "The Indian Prob-

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lem," but neither do I hold the Indians responsible for our liberal problem. Oh, but if NATIONAL REVIEW stands with Mr. Greenway, on whose right am I standing?
Potsdam, N.Y. MRS. RICHARD DURYEA

Greenway certainly must have spent considerable amounts of time excerpting the literature in preparation for his article "Will the Indian Get Whitey?" [*NR*, Mar. 11]. Too bad—a meaningful article only results when time is spent in an objective approach. I have always considered anthropology to be of a highly objective nature, and would hardly expect one writing under the guise of anthropology to put forth with such an obvious piece of distorted slander. His promiscuous utilization of negative derogatory superlatives in presenting his topic only tends to indicate that Greenway simply has an ax to grind. Biased facts plus a biased presentation give Greenway his needed foundation to make his generalizations about all Indians for all times. To shudder that he teaches, too!
Buffalo, N.Y. JOHN W. LEVCHUK

Brennan on the Church

As a fond and devoted subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW, while supporting the incongruous roles of Conservative Republican, Liberal Roman Catholic and Dominican religious educator, I must protest the article by John Brennan in the March 11 issue of my favorite magazine. I have patiently endured the many valid philosophical positions taken in support of the traditional Church ways, as well as your lamentable support of some of the non-essentials (e.g. Latin liturgical worship), but when Mr. Brennan suggests, even tongue-in-cheek, that the Pat O'Brien-Bing Crosby-Barry Fitzgerald type clergy was in any way relevant to the Church in America except as a sort of clerical soap opera, I must shout.

Religious women in the Church today are sticking with the Church while hoping to change some of the traditions which have long hampered real Christianity. We have no illusions about dissatisfied clerics whose dream of matrimonial bliss envisions a woman who somehow combines the qualities of a *Playboy* bunny, an efficient housekeeper and a mother-image. Nor do we feel it necessary to tolerate the tyrannical rule of the Barry Fitzgerald who long overworked and underpaid the religious who accepted overcrowded classes, church work on Saturday afternoon, and counting the collection on Sunday morning. We are concerned about sharing Christ's message in a soundly intellectual way with the thousands of young people and adults for whom material well-being has brought increasing dissatisfaction.

SISTER ANNE MCMAHON O.P.
Cheyenne, Wyo.

May I suggest that John Brennan join Fr. O'Brien and Fr. Fitzgerald in disappearing

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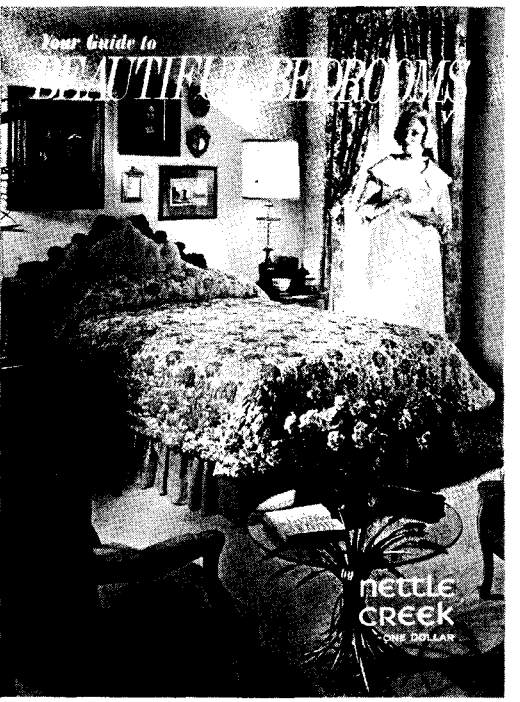

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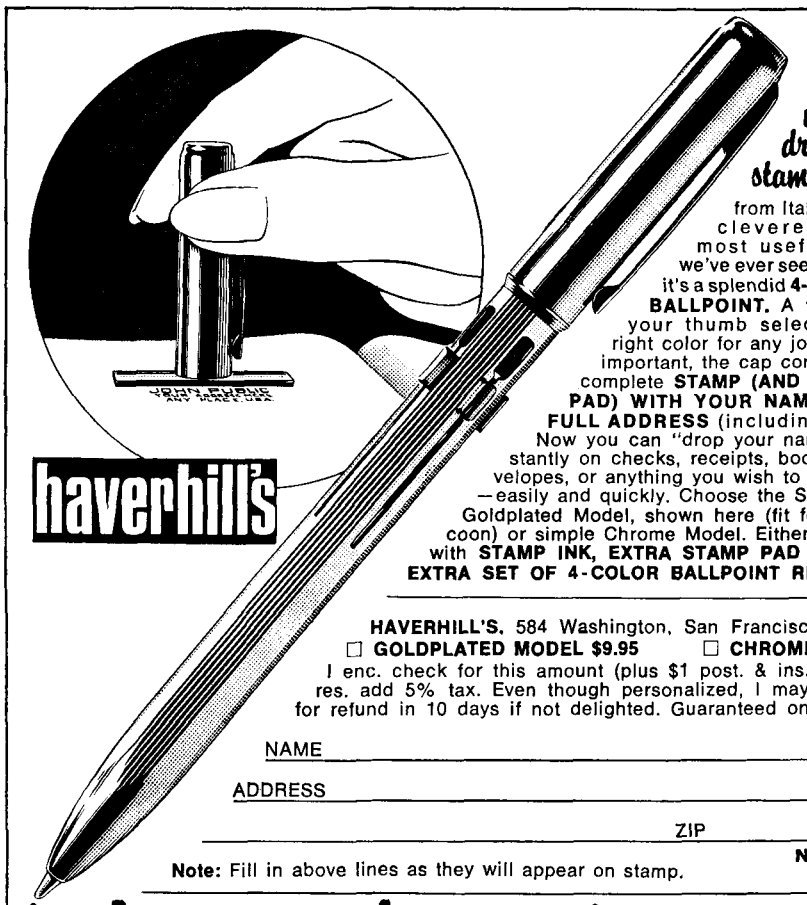

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from the contemporary scene? . . . Mr. Brennan is right in recognizing our need for a clergy which will "lead." But throughout his article he seems to opt for a clergy which will "herd" the unwashed crowd.

Fortunately an increasing number of Catholics no longer want to be herded. Equally fortunate is the fact that an increasing number of clergy no longer choose to shepherd their flock by sadistic intimidation. Rather they want to show by example the workings of Christian charity in our world (just as Christ did). Of course Mr. Brennan would probably have castigated Christ for disrupting the trade of the money changers, or for being audacious enough to consort with publicans. And worst of all it seems that Jesus never even looked at the Baltimore Catechism.
Hamilton, N.Y. JOSEPH NACCA

Mr. Brennan is correct in saying that "the old clerical mold has been broken and there is no one around since Vatican II who is even willing to pick up the pieces," but I'm not sure that that is such a bad thing. Certainly one must expect *as much* from a priest as from a layman—pouring blood on draft records is reprehensible no matter who does the pouring. But the priest has a private conscience as well as a public one, and I don't believe that Holy Mother the Church is crumbling about us each time a priest leaves the priesthood, burns a draft card, or demonstrates for peace.
New Orleans, La. JANE T. RYAN

Coyne on the Campus

John R. Coyne's article in your February 25 issue on the fortunes of S. I. Hayakawa and the student militants at San Francisco State College was received with general approbation and gratitude around here. At least he gives us some hope that the end may be in sight for student unrest at SFS.

I don't know who deserves the most praise—Dr. Hayakawa for recognizing the far-flung implications in the student unrest at SFS and taking his stand as he did; John Coyne for his truthful and honest commentary; or you, for finding Coyne and letting his articles appear in your magazine—but I do know that by your actions and words you have all served our nation faithfully and well.
Lawndale, Cal. DONALD H. GRIMSHAW

Melvin on 'Big Brother'

Three cheers for Frank Meyer's comments [*NR*, Feb. 25] on the "Brave New World" thrown up by Mr. Melvin's "Big Brother is Dead Too" abomination! The quickest road to tyranny is the admission that it is inevitable. Hogwash!
Rochester, N.Y. JOHN R. FISCHER

Mr. Kenneth Melvin has thrown together some chance conclusions and random observations in his defense and recommendation for the Welfare State [*NR*, Feb. 11]. Mr. Melvin is full of goofer feathers. He recommends that we accept conformity as an alternative to freedom. He neglects most of the lessons which have come to us from civilizations no less wise than our own, if less knowledgeable.
St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES M.D.

Professor Melvin commits his soul to Welfarism, and derides Orwell's criticism of the ultimate socialist state. Certainly, Orwell was an idealist when he embraced socialism early in life, but experience taught him that men had nobler (let us say more human as opposed to animal) capabilities than could be achieved under collectivist conformity.

As for Melvin, there was evidence long before his time that men tend to shirk the responsibilities of freedom. Of course, they may be conditioned, like animals, to accept conformity. They may even love their socialist masters, but, if they choose to remain in slavery, it is because they are ignorant of the incentives and rewards which have set men apart from animals.

The "Economics of Surplus" describes quite properly the surplus of plans to interfere with the production of goods and services and to hobble their distribution in the marketplace.
Pulaski, Va. R. O. SMITH M.D.

The Melvin article is asinine—especially its basic assumption that "bipartisan acceptance everywhere" *created* the welfare state.

We got the welfare state because powerful groups lobbied for it—in Congress, in the media, in the academy, and in streets. These groups (AFL-CIO, ADA, ACLU, NAACP, NFW etc.) came into being because individuals of talent and leadership ability were moved by *ideas*, socialist ideas.

Anyone moved by the lazy reasoning in this article (straw men, planted axioms, distortion by omission and so on) ought to read Richard Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences* and Philip Crane's *The Democrat's Dilemma.*

The repeal of the welfare state can come about only through the same sort of principled, long-range effort made by the Left during the last sixty years. I assume that this is what the conservative movement, broadly speaking, is all about.
Chicago, Ill. JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

Kenneth Melvin Replies:

Will the correspondents who have replied in varying degrees of anger extend the further courtesy of re-reading my article to test it as a statement of things as they *are*, not as they *ought* to be? That is what I intended it to be, and regret that I did not make this clearer. I still think that the American people want the rose of freedom without the thorn of necessity in a technological age for which they are so largely responsible, and which makes things as they are and not at all what they should be. And I thought I had said just that.

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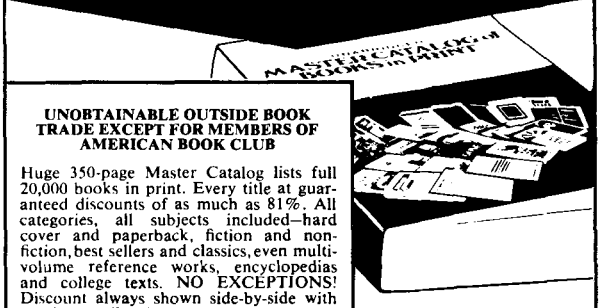

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THE WEEK

■ We see you, Polycarp: Polycarp Kusch, Nobel Prize winning physicist now taking over as vice president at Columbia, gave it as his view that "research directed toward a specific military objective is inappropriate to a university"; but then, three or four moralisms later, revealed that during World War II he was involved at Columbia in "intensely war-related research on high-frequency vacuum tubes. In those days, war-related research was what everyone was doing." Polycarp! That sort of thing is "inappropriate to a university." Er, no. "We had a real villain then," Kusch explained, clearing everything up.

■ A month ago the dove leadership in the Senate believed it had a firm majority against any ABM system. Then came the President's carefully thought out, limited, experimental proposal for protection of our missile sites and thus of our strategic retaliatory power. Next, Defense Secretary Laird's disclosure of the alarming facts, kept under cover by his predecessor, of the Soviet effort to achieve a first strike capability that would leave us at the Kremlin's mercy. Not all senators are unreasonable men. The odds on acceptance of Mr. Nixon's recommendation are rapidly rising.

■ Back in the 1920s the bootlegger was a kind of national hero. There was a crazy law on the books. So what? The rum-runner used to cruise off the Jersey shore, just outside the three-mile limit, and bring the stuff in aboard elusive speedboats. Spectators stood on the beach and cheered. Well, the bootleggers are back, only this time they're bootlegging prayers. In Clairton, Ohio, for example, they read Scripture and say the Lord's Prayer every morning in the public elementary school, and such open defiance of the Supreme Court is spreading. If it becomes widespread enough there's nothing at all the Court can do about it. Some citizens have even had the temerity to suggest that people originally came to America so that they could practice their religion freely.

■ Nine antiwar demonstrators, six of them Catholic priests and the seventh a nun, broke into the offices of the Dow Chemical Company in Washington last week, splattered blood on the walls, ripped up furniture, tore open file cabinets and threw company records down into the street four floors below. Many of us saw the scene, surprisingly enough, on the NBC evening news. *NR* talked to Pat McGrath, the WBAL (Baltimore) reporter who with his cameraman, provided NBC with the film and narrative, and we asked him how he managed to scoop the law. McGrath said he was told in advance by a contact in the peace movement that an "antiwar action" was planned that day. The contact ushered him and six other interested newsmen to the *Washington Post*, directly across the street from Dow's offices. There they waited while the demonstrators entered the Dow building and started smashing things up. When McGrath saw a window broken, he rushed across the street, up four floors, and his cameraman started shooting. About five minutes later the police arrived. Why didn't McGrath call the cops? "I didn't know beforehand that anything illegal was planned . . . and when I saw them break the window there were so many people right around me in a position to call." Why, once he arrived on the scene, didn't he try to stop the vandalism? "There were nine of them. Should a person endanger his well-being to protect a big corporation? Anyway, they were just putting the finishing touches on the place when we got there." Don't you feel an obligation to stop lawlessness? "It depends on what violation of law you're talking about. In this case there was only property involved."

■ Selective indignation, as reported by Prof. Thomas H. Jukes to his brethren: "A recent display of logical thinking has been made by an august group to which I have belonged for 34 years, the American Society of Biological Chemists. . . . Responding to urgent requests from members, the officers of the Society polled the membership on the question of whether or not the annual meeting should be held in Chicago in 1971 as scheduled. The vote was a resounding no, 1598 to 681. . . . Another matter is that many of the members of the American Society of Biological Chemists, including me, belong to the American Institute of Nutrition. Both societies are in the same organizational group. The members of the Institute of Nutrition are being urged to attend the International Congress of Nutrition in Prague, Czechoslovakia, August 28-September 5, 1969, and to apply to the Institute for grants to this meeting. Not a single protest has been published, not a voice has been raised, by the American Society of Biological Chemists or the American Institute of Nutrition against the forthcoming junket, which is to take place among the tombstones in the graveyard of European freedom."

■ "They're mad. They're absolutely mad. . . . Mr. Nixon and Secretary Laird and their advisers in the Pentagon seem to have lost touch with reality." So starts a full-page advertisement by SANE in the March 24 *New York Times*, following Nixon's decision on the anti-ballistic missile. The harsh denunciation of the Nixon Administration was signed by the usual crew, with one piquancy: James Farmer, who joined the cry that Nixon is mad, happens to be a Nixon lieutenant—as Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Perhaps he knows something we don't?

■ Last week a New York judge sized up 21 youngsters

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who had occupied a state university library all night and sentenced them to fifteen days (and nights) in jail. Next day the student revolt at Mr. Hayakawa's college formally caved in; and, across the continent, five men who broke up a Harvard lecture were given jail sentences of six months to a year. After Governor Knowles of Wisconsin sent the National Guard to stomp on "students," he received two thousand letters, all but 29 of which supported him. In state after state, the legislatures are considering tough bills to deal with campus uproariousness; the California legislature alone has seventy bills on the subject before it.

■ Widely ignored by the press: Ronald Reagan's statement to a House committee studying student disorders, which 1) sketches in the easily-forgotten background, starting with the anti-HUAC riots of 1960; 2) brings the bare facts out from under the rug—five major fires, ten fire-bombings, endless vandalism (on California campuses alone) in the past year; 3) puts a large share of the blame for the deteriorating situation on public apathy ("when the majority does not function, our society falls into the hands of the most cunning or the most powerful"); 4) warmly endorses withholding federal aid from campus terrorists—but only if such measures are "fair and effective," because "an escalation of threats with no subsequent action leads to an escalation of violence with no concern for results."

■ At the concluding session of a recent conference sponsored by the very liberal National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, the panel members engaged each other in spirited badinage. One particularly lively exchange was between *NR* Publisher William A. Rusher and senatorial aspirant and former JFK speech-writer, Theodore Sorensen. Sorensen: When you mentioned "aging megalomaniac," were you referring to Mao Tse-tung or Chiang Kai-shek? Rusher: Why don't we just say, "You have your aging megalomaniac, and I have mine"? Sorenson: My other question was, do you really think Chiang Kai-shek has the support of the people of Taiwan? Rusher: I don't know, Mr. Sorensen, but—being the constructive type—I'll make you a proposition. If you will join with me in a statement calling for full and free elections on both Taiwan *and* the mainland of China, I'll not only sign the statement with you, I'll publish it in NATIONAL REVIEW. How about that? Sorenson: Well, I believe in self-determination for all peoples, and . . . Rusher: Come on now, Mr. Sorensen; everybody is for self-determination for all peoples. Will you or will you not join me in calling for these plebiscites? Sorenson: I do not believe in interfering in the internal affairs of other nations. Rusher: Except Taiwan. Sorensen: Excuse me? Rusher: Except Taiwan. You believe in not interfering unless it is in Taiwan. Sorensen: Well, I . . . Moderator: I don't think we want to turn the entire discussion into a dialogue on this question. Are there any other questions? Saved, you might say, by the bell.

■ *The Confessions of Irving Howe*: "Trying to understand the world we live in can drive a man out of his mind." (*Dissent,* March-April 1969, page 101) Easy there, Irving.

Ave and the Historical Archives

In his March 6 *New York Post* wailing column, James A. Wechsler told of a telephone conversation he had just had with Averell Harriman, Lyndon Johnson's chief negotiator in the Paris talks, "at his vacation refuge in Hobe Sound." "He said," Wechsler reported, "it was important for the country to understand that the headlined new offensives of the Vietcong were essentially a response to our actions rather than a deliberate, reckless attempt to dictate the peace terms or torpedo the talks. Beyond that contribution to the historical archives, he declined to offer either critical appraisal or prediction. 'I want to be as helpful as I can be . . .,' he said." One almost wonders, to whom?

Having got that snowball rolling, Helpful Ave found no lack of eager fellow-helpers. Your guess is that maybe Senator William Fulbright came panting up, joined by eager Senator George McGovern? Right you are. Fulbright opined that the U.S. bears "a greater responsibility" than the Vietcong for this intensified fighting and killing. McGovern feels it is "a response to our offensives over the past five months." And you can write the *New York Times* editorial with your eyes closed.

So now it's getting to be pretty close to an accepted part of history. The "agreement," "understanding" or "assumption" on de-escalating the war that accompanied the bombing halt was broken by American aggression and the poor old Vietcong has only been trying to defend itself from annihilation as a result of its innocent trust in the lying imperialists. So naturally any step-up in American operations or resumption of the bombing of the North would just be one more manifestation of Washington's aggressive barbarism.

So what do you know? The pattern sure looks familiar —sort of like that aggressive attack the imperialist Americans made in Korea, against which the North Koreans had to defend themselves, or the way those aggressive Finns attacked peaceloving Russia in 1939. And it is the same pattern. In their zeal to liquidate the war at any cost (and to deal some body blows at the new President) the doves have fallen for a crude Communist plant. They were not the first to fall for this one.

There is (unfortunately, many of our soldiers would say) no truth at all in this fantasy about an American "offensive"—as the lowered casualty rates prior to the Vietcong drive showed. The American forces were indeed harassing the enemy, interfering with his supply routes and conducting vigorous spoiling operations. But these were familiar, routine actions. (Harriman, who has become a super-dove, tried to scare Johnson out

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or even these—a minimal protection for our troops and our allies—by warning him the Vietcong might "react." Harriman wanted and wants us to pull out Now, so that in his eyes *any* fighting by Americans is "provocation.")

The Communists, as captured Vietcong officers have abundantly confirmed, were meanwhile planning their offensive—a genuine, coordinated offensive in a military sense—from bases located mostly in Cambodia and Laos. (Hence the current rumors about our bombing Cambodian bases with Sihanouk's approval.) The Vietcong opened up on February 23.

It quickly became evident to Hanoi that the response of public opinion in America and especially in Western Europe—always a main theater in Hanoi's strategy—was very bad from its point of view. The Europeans, like many Americans, want to get the war over with. They are all for the cooling off that has already taken place, and want more of it as soon as possible. The ones who reversed the trend and re-escalated were the Bad Guys, and this time (as everyone realized the first week after Feb. 23) it was the Communists. Even the TV screens—in Europe rather more than in the U.S.—were filled, this time, with horror scenes of civilian death and destruction wrought not by American aircraft by Vietcong rockets and mortar shells lobbed into cities.

So Hanoi pulled out a well-stocked file and went into all-out action on the opinion front. The Hitlerian lie direct was judged best fitted: the Vietcong was only defending itself against a major American offensive which up to that point no one had noticed. Wechsler-Harriman came in at the second sitting. The word had already been fed into London's *Morning Star* (the CP daily) and from there to the British press generally. In Stockholm, Paris, Rome and elsewhere, Hanoi's representatives and agents got it through to selected journalists, who lapped it up. The redoubtable and talented Madame Binh of Hanoi's Paris delegation was sent to England to spread it, and will go back for a more massive reworking at an Easter Peace Rally in London.

It's all by the book.

Meanwhile, from Mr. Laird . . .

The President and his colleagues remain generalized and noncommittal in their statements about Vietnam. It is not easy to deduce or guess how they actually view the war's prospects. *Aviation Week and Space Technology* suggests that Defense Secretary Laird's report to the Senate Armed Services Committee may conceal a more accurate key than anything that can be picked up from the explicit public references.

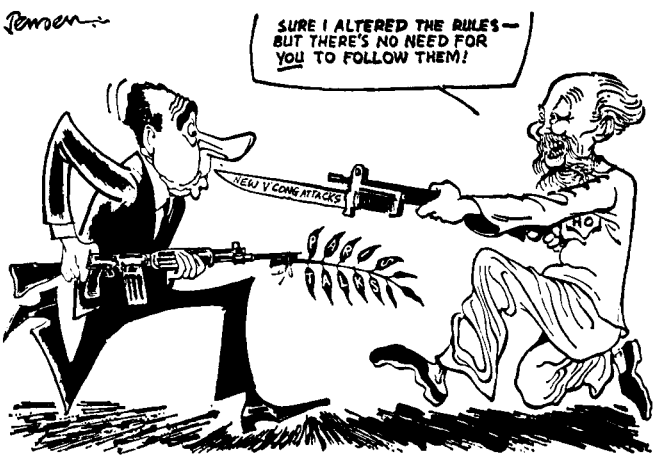
Laird called for an increase in the rate of production of air munitions (bombs, rockets, shells, etc. carried in aircraft). President Johnson's 1970 budget—which was faked up a good deal in order to show a seeming surplus—projected both production and consumption of air munitions at 110,000 tons monthly through the end of 1970. Laird stated that in fact consumption is running at 129,000 tons a month. "Since we see no indication that consumption will decline during the next twelve to eighteen months, we believe it would be prudent to maintain production at the current consumption rate." He also asked an immediate extra $102.5 million for B-52 operations.

Nevertheless, in spite of the war's time schedule indicated by these proposals, it is understood that Secretary Laird's predictions while in Vietnam that some U.S. troops will leave this calendar year continues to represent Administration policy. The wish is to get Hanoi to agree on balanced withdrawals of both U.S. and North Vietnamese troops from the South. If Hanoi refuses, we will go ahead with at least some U.S. withdrawals anyway, with further hope that the South Vietnamese will be ready to take over the tasks of the departing U.S. units.

Crazy Like a Sharpshooter

There were so many psychiatrists in Sirhan's Los Angeles courtroom you'd think you were in a mental clinic instead of at a trial, and though the expert witnesses couldn't get together on a diagnosis they did agree that the fellow is nuts. Dr. Marcus allowed that Sirhan is "mentally disturbed" inasmuch as his notebooks contain writing like that of "insane murderers." Dr. Howard thought him a "borderline psychotic," while Dr. Crane considered him a "schizophrenic of the paranoid type," and Dr. Diamond found a "chronic psychosis." Dr. Schorr discerned a touch of the old Oedipus: Sirhan killed RFK as a "substitute for his father." Sirhan was found to be "alienated," he has "feelings of isolation," he sees odd things in the inkblot.

But then one's confidence in all this was somewhat shaken when it developed that much of Dr. Schorr's description of Sirhan was cribbed from a description of George Metesky, the Mad Bomber of yore, which ap-



Sunday Telegraph, London — Ben Roth Agency

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pears in *Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist* by Dr. James A. Brussel. Anyway, Dr. Richardson comes forward to assure us that Sirhan is a "schizophrenic paranoid" and dismisses any idea that Sirhan plotted to kill RFK because he felt strongly about the Arab-Israeli conflict. After all this you conclude that Sirhan was such a loon that he could hardly find his way across the street much less up into that pantry. The funny thing is, though, that despite all his confusion he didn't shoot just anybody and he doesn't seem to have searched around for somebody who looked like his father. No, he shot the fellow who was promising to send the jet fighters to Israel.

Man Builds A House

Housing is unduly expensive in large part because houses are built in 1969 the way carriages were built in the eighteenth century: by craftsmen, slowly, one at a time. While there have been some advances (prefabrication, modular components), the typical American house is still put together on its site, almost from scratch, by a small crew of carpenters, masons, plumbers and electricians organized into monopoly guilds that have pushed construction labor costs into the stratosphere. More and more families, unwilling or unable to pay $20,000 to $25,000 for a house that would have cost $12,000 twenty years ago, are buying "mobile homes" that are built in centralized factories and trucked, ready to move into, to their sites.

Now President Nixon and his Housing Secretary, George Romney, hope to make the housing industry catch up with the times. Mr. Romney urges that the mass-production techniques pioneered by the automobile industry be applied to housing, to provide 250,000 to 350,000 low-cost dwelling units per year. He would have private industry—in particular the great nationwide corporations—do the job, with the government confining itself to mortgage guarantees and mortgage subsidies. Such a program need not confine lower-income families to cramped mobile homes; factories already exist where good-sized houses are produced in three or four sections, then trucked to the site and bolted together. Modular bathrooms and kitchens can be mass-assembled, complete with plumbing and wiring, then delivered ready to be attached to electric, water and sewer lines—at a considerable saving over built-from-scratch homes in which highly-paid plumbers and electricians install facilities.

Mr. Romney's plan deserves careful study, even though it faces formidable obstacles: the building industry as it now exists, which may be perfectly willing to continue putting up expensive houses in the belief that buyers, having nowhere else to turn, will continue to go deep in debt to buy them; the monopolistic construction unions, which can hardly be expected to sit still when workers from other unions start putting together inexpensive houses on assembly lines; and the outmoded building regulations of most cities, which are dear to the hearts of both the entrenched unions and the entrenched bureaucracies.

Is Conservatism Dead?

Our brothers at *Triumph* Magazine have informed us that conservatism is dead. The plot is roughly as follows. When Goldwater was defeated in 1964, conservatives were staggered. Then, when conservatives (or, if you prefer, conservative leaders) chose to back Richard Nixon instead of Ronald Reagan, they showed that their old zeal was gone, that Goldwater's defeat had been, in fact, a permanent defeat. Add to this Nixon's scorn for conservative principle, and you see that American conservatives are either dispossessed—or they will, simply, submit. Why has all this come about? It has come about because the differences between conservatism and liberalism have never been sufficiently pronounced to make conservatism a fighting faith. Add to the general humiliation this datum: The collapse of secular liberalism came about not because we pushed it, but because it was internally bankrupt. That being the case, collapsed liberals are not turning to conservatism, whose cogency has never touched them. They are turning to, roughly speaking—nothing at all. They cannot be reached, no more can the multitudes, until everyone sits down and rejects that which is most objectionable in liberalism—and conservatism; namely their secularity. Excelsior.

The analysis appears over the signature of our good friend and erstwhile colleague, L. Brent Bozell. *Triumph,* the magazine of which Mr. Bozell is an editor, is very blue about the state of the world, and indeed there is much to be very blue about. But his journal, which puts one in mind of the poet and two teaching assistants who formed a plot to take over the world, suffers increasingly from a kind of political scrupulosity which, if we may say so, is not only out of this world, but should be. Thus the rebaptism of Mr. Bozell has prompted him to reject even his own best work, e.g. his admirable book, *The Warren Revolution.* His thesis now is that the republic of the Founding Fathers was doomed because of their failure adequately to enthrall the city of man to the city of God. It follows that conservative efforts to revive the spirit of the republic the Fathers sought to promulgate is tangential work at best, and therefore irrelevant to the main concern, which is to reintroduce virtue into the institutional forms of public life.

We feel a great personal tenderness for the editors of *Triumph* Magazine, and in any case we prefer absolutists who say that kind of thing, to absolutists who say other kinds of things. But we decline to accept either their analysis, which we dismiss as morbid; or their remedies, which are angelistic. There are those who will not settle for anything less than a mutinous relationship

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between themselves and their society. There are societies in which such a relationship is the only bearable relationship: such societies as Hitler's, and the Communists'. It is increasingly plain to readers of *Triumph* that its editors' view of our own society is such a view. We judge that reading of the proper posture of American dissidents to be incorrect; certainly we judge it to be anti-conservative. We have got, in America, what we have got. It is not what we would have, but neither is it as bad as what we might have. To dismiss even contemporary America as one vast plot against the survival of our eternal souls is Manichean and boring. Nineveh was worse, and God spared it. One wonders sometimes —sadly—whether the wrath of Mr. Bozell at the Lord's understanding equals that of Jonah.

The Middle East: Direct Talks v. Imposed Solution

In its current phase, the Arab-Israeli conflict has given rise to debate over whether it ought to be settled by a) face-to-face negotiations between the two sides, or by b) some initiative from outside, with a solution being "imposed" or "recommended" by the Security Council or by the Four Powers (U.S., USSR, Britain, France). Israel, for excellent reasons of its own, insists upon face-to-face negotiations: First, because it is militarily stronger, now occupies large tracts of Arab territory, and so could negotiate on very favorable terms, a position of strength which well might be diluted if a third entity, presumably disinterested, arbitrated the conflicting claims; second, because Israel cannot count on the sympathy of the UN or of very many uninvolved governments, its occupation and "unification" of Jerusalem having, in fact, been condemned by a 99-0 vote in the General Assembly; and third, and more complexly, because in the last analysis it is the Arabs themselves who can confer "legitimacy" on the Israeli state, they being the ones who have all along withheld it. And so the stress by, for example, Teddy Kennedy on the necessity for Arabs to, as he puts it, recognize that "Israel is a fact and a reality"—his implication being that the Arabs are under the impression that they have three times been beaten by, and are in part occupied by, a fiction and an illusion.

Meanwhile, to ward off any UN or Four Power initiatives, Israeli spokesmen have recently begun to play down the danger involved in the situation: no, thank you very much, we are told, there is no imminent crisis. Things will be settled in due time by "direct" negotiations. (As time passes, however, Israel is rapidly consolidating its hold on Jordanian Jerusalem, building high-rise apartments, etc. Before the Israeli occupation, the tourist trade to Jerusalem provided Jordan's largest source of foreign earnings.)

The tendency of the Nixon Administration has caused a good deal of Israeli alarm. In his first press conference as President, Nixon went to considerable lengths to stress the powder-keg character of the situation, and the dangers of a Soviet-American confrontation. He uttered the word "nuclear." He has sought to reach understandings with de Gaulle and with the British, and has moved toward a Four Power conference on the Middle East. He has come under intense domestic political pressure not to try to "impose" any solution.

As a matter of fact, Nixon's UN ambassador, Charles Yost, is on record as favoring an imposed solution or something like it. And there are powerful arguments to be made for an outside initiative. The two sides, despite their rhetoric, are not too far apart on matters of substance. Both, for example, endorsed the November 22, 1967 resolution of the Security Council which called for an end to belligerency, and for territorial inviolability, freedom of navigation, Israeli withdrawal from occupied territory and a just settlement of the refugee problem. There is some reason to believe that moderate leaders on both sides could agree on a compromise settlement—with one important qualification: if they could survive politically after espousing one. For moderate leaders on both sides are in a real sense the captives of their own extremists. Any gesture suggesting conciliation or compromise evokes vilification and abuse. Therefore, as Yost has argued, "the necessary initiative can come only from the outside." Indeed, such an outside initiative would serve to buffer the moderate leaders against their own extremists.

The Israeli interest, at least in the short run, is clearly served by face-to-face negotiations. But the American interest may be different: a) securing stability as soon as possible, and defusing the conflict; b) reaching a solution which both sides can live with, rather than one dictated by Israeli military superiority; and c) de-polarizing the region and thus reducing the dependence of at least some Arab states upon Soviet support.

(*Footnote:* "At a later session at Delmonico's Hotel, Arthur J. Goldberg . . . asserted that the four-power talks were bound to fail if they sought to 'impose' a settlement

Criminal Justice

Bobby Kennedy is dead;
Sirhan shot him in the head.
This I know because TV
Made the shooting clear to me.
Sirhan even tells us *why*:
Kennedy was doomed to die
All because he couldn't hide
Cheering the Israeli side.
Will the lawyers, therefore, mix
Sirhan up with politics?
Silly! He's a *paranoid*.
Stamp the kitchen shoot-up "void."

W. H. VON DREELE

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of the Arab-Israeli conflict." *New York Times,* March 25, 1969).

The Peripatetic Sycophant

Well, *Ramparts* is back with an April issue, the idealists and moralizers there having dumped their debts through a bankruptcy operation. They promise to appear monthly in a less opulent format. The current issue features a long and fascinating essay by Susan Sontag, Dark Lady of the New Left: fascinating because she deftly reaches Stalinist conclusions from New Left premises. The American New Left is correct to be anarchic, she says, because it is out of power. The freaky clothes, rock, drugs and sex are pre-revolutionary forms of cultural subversion, and so you can have your grass and your orgy and still be moral and revolutionary as all get-out. But in Cuba the revolution has come to power, and so it follows that such disintegrative "freedom" is inappropriate. There, you guessed it, what History inexorably decrees is discipline, militarism, a politicized official culture, the subordination of the individual, the "moralization of work," and "privation" (!). Sontag, like the fellow travelers of the Thirties, eagerly abandons all of her own ostensible values as she pays obeisance to the revolution's new bosses. Taste, complexity, freedom, avant-gardism—all these she tosses aside. The fact that the revolution is in power justifies vulgarity and banality. But ah, how she quivers before political power, or the illusion of it: "Havana today, starkly denuded of commodities and comforts as it is, is vibrant with the conviction of being a world capital. And despite all the austerity, any visitor feels this. One feels more in the world, more in touch with events, in Havana, capital of this poor small Caribbean island, than one ever does in such genuinely provincial cities as Rome or Stockholm." A corrupt emotion out of the disgraceful past, eerie reminiscence of doublethink before Lenin's tomb: though Sontag adds a few uterine touches, and often operates out of the glossier New York women's magazines.

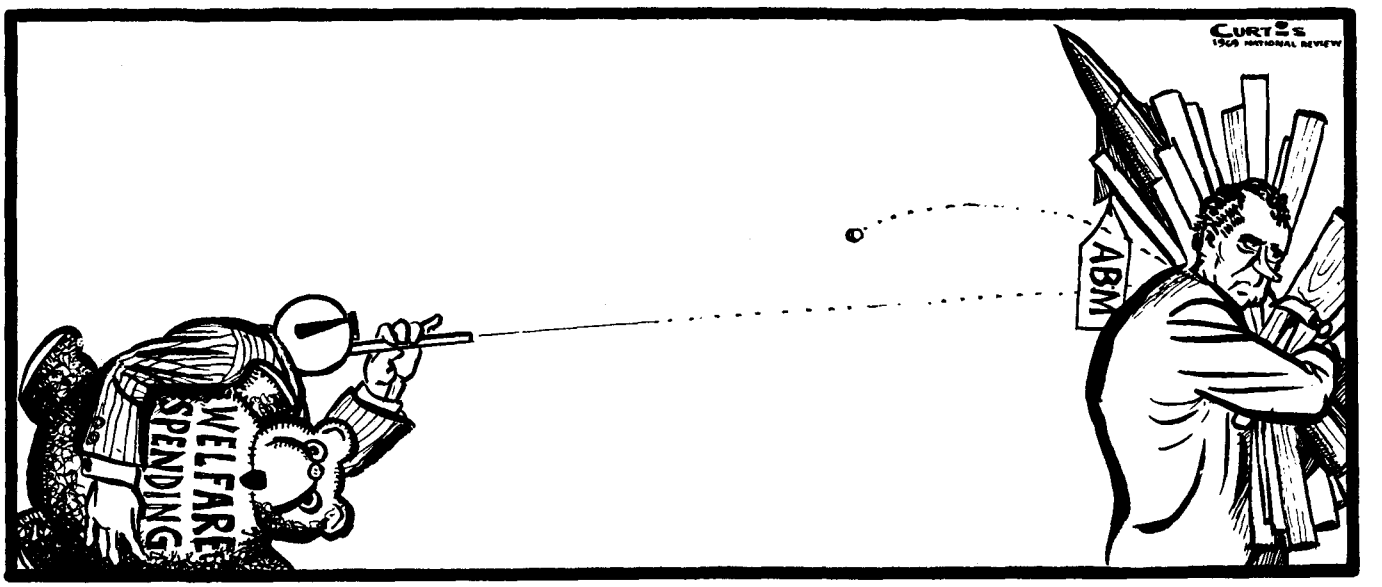
Sontag has now licked boots in Hanoi and Havana—two "third world" centers of revolutionary activity. We await her equally sycophantic reports from Cairo and Baghdad. (Only don't hold your breath.)

The Open Society

Several months ago our colleague James Burnham met with Boris Souvarine in Paris and Souvarine asked him why it was that there were no books defending the American position in Vietnam. Or were there? asked Souvarine. Perhaps he just didn't know of them. But if there were, the United States Information Agency in Paris didn't have any, and didn't know of any. Souvarine was interested because he and various associates are both scholars and opponents of Communism, and are always on the look-out for first-rate ammunition.

When you think of it, when you look around the bookstores, when you read the reviews, you realize that the market is flooded with books on Vietnam but that they all—with the single possible exception of the late Marguerite Higgins' on-the-scene reports—are opposed to the U.S. defense of South Vietnam. And you wonder why? Is it that no prominent hawk has written such a book or that such a book can't be published?

Earlier this week a Mr. Charles Weil walked into this office. Mr. Weil is a retired businessman. He fought in the two major wars of the century. He was in business in France in the years before, during and after the Indochina war. He thinks he knows a great deal about what is going on in that part of the world and he believes that for geopolitical reasons alone, the United States must keep its beachhead in Southeast Asia. Upon returning to the States after his retirement Mr. Weil also made the rounds of the bookstores and finally asked why they



Anti-anti-missile Missile

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didn't carry any hawk books. One retailer gave him the only answer that made sense. Because, he said, any hawk book would be creamed by the reviewers who are by and large liberal. There would be no sales.

Well, Mr. Weil happens to be a classmate of the head of one of the largest publishers in America and he wrote him and asked if he'd be interested in a book on Vietnam that would present the U.S. side from the strategic rather than the political or moral view. No thanks, said the friend, we have a bellyful of books on Vietnam right now. So Mr. Weil wrote another fifteen trade publishers. No go. Not interested. So he wrote 45 more. No. No interest. But, argued Mr. Weil, according to all the polls most Americans support the Administration's Vietnam policy. Couldn't you sell enough books to the majority of Americans who support LBJ to break even? Wouldn't it even be good for you to have one book that takes the other side? No soap.

We harrumphed a little and suggested to Mr. Weil that perhaps it was the quality of his work that the publishers objected to. But he said it wasn't that, that not a single one of the publishers he had contacted had asked to see the manuscript or even to discuss the substance of his ideas. He could be another Samuel Eliot Morison or Liddell Hart or S. L. A. Marshall but if he is, his genius will blush unseen by America's leading publishers. Because he's a hawk instead of a dove. So much for the Open Society.

GENUINE ADVERTISEMENT

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Bored by Black Power?
Had it up to Here with Hunger?
Ambivalent about the Middle East?

Here's What You've Been Looking For!

Join millions of concerned citizens... Stand up and be counted in the fight against tyranny... Protest the latest outrage that has shocked free men everywhere...

Wear with pride your

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YES, I want to get involved! Enclosed find $_____ for _____ "HANDS OFF ANGUILLA" buttons.

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Max Eastman, R I P

Max Eastman's death is difficult for his friends of any age to mourn, because word of it inevitably brings such a crowd of pleasant memories. Max thought life was wonderful, and human beings the most wonderful part of life. His laugh was marvelous, and he was laughing a lot of the time, but never meanly. He knew thousands of people everywhere, of all kinds, races, creeds, nations, professions, and was always inviting a half-dozen assorted types to talkative, wine-flavored informal dinners in his New York apartment or summer and autumn weekends at the house he so cherished on Martha's Vineyard. He was very handsome; women adored him, and he enthusiastically responded. Issuing out of two Congregational ministers, he swept early into the turn-of-the-century current of romantic, individualist free thinking, and never left it—though he was untouched by any of the gloom and self-righteousness so common to principled atheists. At the time of World War I he was a radical and pacifist as well as poet, lecturer and essayist. He became widely known as editor of the *Masses* and, later, the *Liberator*, and as defendant in two widely publicized wartime trials. He was at first enthralled by the Bolshevik Revolution. A closer acquaintance with the Soviet realities—in part derived through his second wife, Eliena Krylenko, sister of the Minister of Justice in Lenin's cabinet—transformed his political and social views. Turning resolutely against the fellow-traveling trend of the intellectuals, he wrote a number of books that told the truth about Soviet society and about Marxism. Joining the staff of *Reader's Digest*, Max proved that it is possible to write intelligently about politics, economics and contemporary history in language clear and straightforward enough for mass audiences to understand. He was associated with *NR* in its early years, but parted institutional though not personal company because he rejected what he thought to be the prevailing *NR* belief that religion is necessary to a consistent conservatism and anti-Communism. This connection he denied, presenting himself as refutation. Whatever the merits of that metaphysical debate, Max, who so loved God's works, will surely be included on any list of the good pagans.

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WANTED: readers who will use the card facing this page to introduce some friend of theirs to *National Review* now, while interest in the new Nixon administration is high. **You choose** the friend you think most likely to enjoy NR, then play this handy card for us: urge your friend to use it without delay to **try** NR (dare 'em, if that's what it takes!) We'll be glad you did (and so may your friend: remember, you may be starting a lifelong friendship!)

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Notes & Asides

■ From the mailbag:

Dear Bill: I thought you would get a kick out of the enclosed. Poor UC (University of California), it tries so hard to do the right thing. Four years ago, the University took off all employment forms questions pertaining to race. It also removed the requirement of having a picture. Now nobody knows who is who and how many of what. So back we go to the old system. Having this information now *helps* the cause of racial balance . . . It is just like Psychology. You ask the same question every year but you change the answers. Best, — — — — —, UCSD

(enclosed) ETHNIC IDENTITY FORM

PURPOSE

The University of California is required to provide periodic reports on the ethnic composition of the work force. The Ethnic Identity Form which must be completed for each new employee, provides for these reports. The data is used for statistical purposes only. To assure full compliance with the University's nondiscrimination policy, no copies of this form shall be retained in departmental or campus files, nor shall any notation of ethnic identity be made on any individual's personnel records.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. A single copy of the Ethnic Identity Form shall be completed for each new employee.
2. Please print or type the requested information.
3. Ethnic identity shall be determined by observation rather than by direct questioning of the employee.
4. Attach the completed form to the back of the original copy of the Employment Form.

ETHNIC IDENTITY (check one)

A. Negro (persons recognizably of Negro ancestry).

B. Oriental (persons recognizably of Chinese, Japanese, Korean or other Oriental ancestry).

C. American Indian (Persons recognizably of American Indian ancestry).

D. Other Non-White (persons of non-white ancestry other than Negro, Oriental or American Indian. For example, Filipino, Polynesian, Malayan, Eskimo, Asian Indian or Hawaiian).

E. Mexican or Spanish American (persons of Mexican, Central or South American ancestry except those who have physical characteristics of Negro, Oriental, American Indian or other non-white races).

F. Other Caucasian (persons not covered by the categories above, including those commonly designated as Caucasian or white).

RETENTION PERIOD: DESTROY AFTER KEYPUNCH

■ (Excerpts) MEMORANDUM

To: College YAF Chapter Chairmen
CCC (College Conservative Council) Advisory Board members

From: Ron Docksai, Chairman, St. John's University. Address: 144-04 Barclay Avenue, Flushing, New York 11355; (212) 939-8427

The positions of the Left are almost never based on a chain of philosophical reasoning as they are on passion and romantic illusions. As with all romantics or self-ordained martyrs, denunciations and recriminations can be tolerated and are sometimes welcome. Ridicule, however, is not. The SDSer's only compensation from a hard day's work of bookburning comes from his satisfaction that he has given a personal sacrifice, that while many disagreed with him, he was able to anger those pigs and they inevitably took him seriously. Receiving laughter, though, tarnishes this romantic image. Following are some ideas on how some college YAFers have used wit in order to rap the Left.

1) After the killing of Che Guevara, Queens College leftists wanted to express their grief and held a "silent vigil" in honor of poor, old, dead-as-a-fish Che. The YAFers at Queens, on one day's notice, planned an inexpensive series of actions which gave the campus SDS chapter Excedrin headaches for seven May days. After painting a rubber chicken, bearing a striking resemblance to Che, and attaching a beard, hat and a hammer-and-sickle tattoo, the chicken was placed in an open, black-draped shoe box and palls were stapled to the four sides. The following day, as the small group of Che worshipers were suffering their lament, the YAF group, led by a clown-costumed high priest (chanting a *venite* of Ding-Dong—"Che's not dead; he only smells that way") marched around the more populated campus areas. A piece of literature announcing that Che would be buried at "3:00 P.M. near the Caf" gave a rundown on Che's record of peasant killing and road-robbing. The school's left-leaning paper was forced to note the event not only for its novelty but for its wide popularity and acceptance on the campus, despite particular mental spasms by SDS members.

2) In line with more substantive measures to prevent SDSers from staying in a building they have already taken over, the Free Campus Movement at UCLA took definitive measures by stopping the supply of all food which was to aid the SDS occupants but only allowing in certain baskets of food which contained newly added amounts of powdered Ex-Lax. The YAFers also had all electricity and plumbing cut off.

■ Who says conservatives never come up with constructive ideas? **—WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

THEIR NLFs AND OURS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Two generations ago many persons believed the era of nationalism was ending. Nationalist sentiment, they predicted, was dissolving into one or another sort of globalism, and the sovereign national entities were going to wither away within the structures of Leagues, World Parliaments, Atlantic Federations, Communism or some other supranational framework.

Nothing of the sort has happened, but the contrary. Nationalist sentiment has not only failed to wither (except in the United States and England) but has spread more widely than ever. The supranational political structures have not won the emotional allegiance of anyone except a handful of eggheads. Nationalist movements spring to life, complete with language and myth, out of embers buried for centuries in the ashes of history.

In much of the world the new or newly fervent nationalisms have been aimed against the power structures developed in the past by the major Western states. The Communists saw that such movements might be guided not merely to change those structures but to do major damage to the Western states in the process. They have exploited nationalism so successfully that the term "National Liberation Front" automatically suggests an anti-Western, Communist-backed if not Communist-dominated movement.

Why So Bashful?

However, the areas of the world ruled by Communist regimes are not immune to the nationalistic drives. Everyone agrees that nationalism is a principal cause of the deepening divisions within the Communist sphere. This nationalist resurgence, moreover, is correlated with efforts to loosen Communist totalitarianism; the nationalism requires the loosening in order to get scope for cultural, political and economic expression. From every point of view, the rise of nationalism in the Communist sphere is a plus for the non-Communist world. It diverts Communist energies to their own troubles, weakens the Communist front against the non-Communist world, and points in the direction of freedom.

Thus every consideration urges us to approve these intra-Communist nationalisms and to encourage their growth. But we do so only to a meager degree, and in that degree, ineptly. Worse than that: our actions often discourage these nationalisms.

I do not refer merely to the fact that we do not try to create, guide, support or exploit NLFs directed against Communist regimes—though there have been occasions when this would have been both appropriate and feasible.

American policy toward the Communist sphere (I omit China to simplify) is oriented on Russia. But Soviet Russia, as Brezhnev recently made clearer than ever, is the imperial power in relation to the captive nations of "the socialist commonwealth" and to the non-Russian nations within the Soviet Union (comprising nearly half its population). Nationalist movements in the Communist sphere are of necessity—by definition, one might say—politically anti-Russian. Therefore, the concentration of U.S. diplomacy on relations with the Kremlin (that is, Russia), and the softening of criticism of Soviet Russia for fear of "provocation" (cf. Czechoslovakia), appears as a disavowal of the anti-Kremlin nationalisms.

Consider some facts about our propaganda operations:

1) Our propaganda monthly, *Amerika*, is printed in several east European languages, but has the same content in all—a content determined with the Russian edition in mind. This is ridiculous. The content should take into sensitive account the very different conditions within each nation.

2) Radio Liberty (our unofficial broadcaster to the Soviet Union) is dominated and mostly staffed by Russians. What little broadcasting is done in non-Russian languages (e.g. Ukrainian) is translated from the Russian desk: a preposterous procedure, conflicting with the nationalist currents.

3) Neither Radio Liberty nor Radio Free Europe (unofficial broadcaster to the non-Soviet captive nations) has separate desks for the three Baltic nations, in which the nationalist, anti-Soviet movements are especially intense.

4) Radio Liberty devotes very little time to the non-Russian Soviet languages—to some, no time at all.

5) There is hardly anyone in the State Department, USIA, Radio Free Europe or Radio Liberty who even knows anything about the east Asian (Uzbek, Tartar, Tadzhik, etc.) nations, much less does anything—though these nations become critical as Sino-Soviet tension rises.

If Polycentrism, Then What?

6) Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe are located, as the east European audiences know, in West Germany (except for the transmitting equipment, which is in Portugal). This is the worst possible place. Fear of Germany is still a reality in eastern Europe. Moving—preferably to some noncommittal spot like Andorra or a Channel island—would be comparatively simple.

7) In all the propaganda services (USIA, including VOA, Radio Free Europe, Radio Liberty, various CIA enterprises) much of the staff is routinized and lethargic.

Our experts write endlessly about polycentrism and its nationalist roots, but this small sample list indicates how, in actual policy and practice, we neglect the nationalisms within the Communist sphere. The beginning of correction would be an official awareness of the situation and some sign of interest in doing something about it. Neither is likely without a nudge from the Presidential desk. □

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC REVISITED

LETTER FROM LATIN AMERICA

When I last visited the Dominican Republic two years ago, Joaquín Balaguer had unexpectedly been elected to the presidency. Since then, President Balaguer, leader of the PRC (Reform Party), has done quite well. He has retained the friendship of the Americans (whose choice he had not been at the time of the election), has visibly raised living standards, started large numbers of new housing projects especially in the eastern part of Santo Domingo (many of them for the "underprivileged"), and the general appearance of even the most poverty-stricken areas has improved. The election of the Christian Democrat Rafael Caldera (more right-wing than President Eduardo Frei Montalva of Chile) in neighboring Venezuela has also strengthened Balaguer's position in Latin America. At the same time, the Left is busily trying to undermine his regime and at present its energies are oriented toward the educational sector. We live, after all, in the age of pedocracy, of student uprisings and "intellectual" subversiveness. The main target of student leftists in the Dominican Republic is the government's plan for *diversificación*.

The issue is a curious one. There was the old complaint (one hears it all over Latin America) that secondary education as represented by the *liceo* (which, incidentally, neglects Latin and has completely eliminated Greek), is still too "classic," too esoteric. Only a minority of the students go on to the university and they are ill-prepared for life, for simple white-collar jobs. Therefore, the teaching is to be "diversified," commercial subjects are to be introduced and even manual skills taught. The autonomous university of Santo Domingo, with its radically leftist student body and a fair number of leftist professors, opposes these innovations (allegedly inspired by "Wall Street and the Pentagon"), and student strikes on the secondary level have followed. As always, the Americans are the scapegoats.

While these activities occupy attention at home there has been a very important development abroad. The opposition PRD (Dominican Revolutionary Party) not long ago met with its leader, ex-President Juan Bosch, in Benidorm, Spain. Before the 1966 election in which Balaguer was victor, "everyone" had assumed that Juan Bosch would win. Indeed, Bosch, a leftist poet, had been the original choice of the State Department, regarded by it as the perfect progressive to replace the despicable Trujillo. But now Señor Bosch (to the embarrassment of his erstwhile State Department supporters) has torn off his mask and in a dramatic announcement claimed that for the past 160 years everybody in Latin America had realized, but would never publicly admit, that "democracy" in that part of the world would never work, not today and not tomorrow. And that it would not work for educational, but above all, for temperamental reasons. That this declaration came as a shock, you can well imagine, but what was even worse was the formal statement of the PRD issued at a subsequent press conference: Elections, it was solemnly stated, do not really benefit the people since they reflect the sentiments of the upper classes rather than those of the workers, peasants, the "revolutionary minor bourgeoisie" (comprising Marxist shopkeepers), the "progressive intellectuals." So the idea of majority rule ought be abandoned the PRD statement said, in favor of a *dictatura con apoyo popular*, a dictatorship with popular support.

To understand the importance of this statement we must go back a few years. Trujillo was assassinated in May of 1961 and Bosch elected President in December of that year but he lasted only until September 1963 when he was ousted by a military junta that found him too far to the Left and altogether too accommodating toward Fidel Castro. When Juan Bosch fell, the State Department was shocked. It considered all military dictatorships as a step back and felt that the flight of the great liberal poet was a genuine loss to "democracy" and that the junta should not be recognized. Subsequently, Spain and Britain established diplomatic relations with the new government, the rest of the European and South American governments soon followed suit, with the United States one of the last. Recognition by Washington, however, had a rider: it was granted on the assumption that elections would be held shortly thereafter.

Before they were even officially scheduled Colonel Caamaño, a leftist member of the regime, moved to take power and a revolution shook the capital city, Santo Domingo. To avert a Communist take-over President Johnson ordered in the Marines. To this day the debate continues as to whether the American intervention was justified. It can be argued that the Caamaño rebellion, in its initial stages, was neither Communist nor even Communist-inspired, but it is certain that the Communists played an important role in the uprising which lasted for several weeks and resulted in hundreds of casualties.

In the course of this revolution Juan Bosch, to the surprise of many (but not least, to the Americans who had sheltered him for so long in Puerto Rico), turned violently against Washington. This may have been inspired in part by the political necessity to display his independence, and to show to all and sundry that he was not a "paid minion of Wall Street." But it is also true that he had always been a far leftist and that his flirtations with Castro had a solid ideological foundation. The Benidorm statement points out the totalitarian bent that lies beneath much of the liberal talk of Latin American progressives such as Castro and Bosch. □

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ELECTION BREAKDOWN

Was 1968 the beginning of the end for FDR's coalition of Negroes and the South, labor and the intellectuals? Yes, thinks Mr. Will, in a fascinating analysis of the effect of the Wallace candidacy on the Democratic Party

What Happened to the Democratic Coalition?

GEORGE WILL

THE 1968 ELECTION has been analyzed thoroughly in the past year. Whether the whirring of the computers and the sifting of the data will enhance the nation's self-understanding remains to be seen.

It is my thesis that the election was most interesting for what it told about the Democratic Party as it has functioned—and flourished—during the last 35 years. In fact, 1968 should be remembered as the year when the several styles of Jacksonians in the Democratic Party got together, and got out of hand. The closeness of the election should be understood as a monument to Humphrey's success in getting a large number of these Jacksonians back on the party leash before they got their hands on the voting machine lever.

Richard Nixon had two Democratic Party oppositions, and in this fact is found the proper answer to those who claim there is not "a dime's worth of difference" between the two major parties. This is the perennial complaint of those who do not understand, or like, the unifying function or the diverse composition of political parties in this extensive Republic. Throughout 1968 the complaint was heard from the left wing of the Democratic Party—from many of the followers of Senator McCarthy. The complaint was also heard from the disgruntled populists in the Democratic Party — from the former Democratic Governor of Alabama, and from his supporters in the Democratic Party structure in the South, and in the ranks of traditionally Democratic labor strength. It becomes clear that there is a "dime's worth of difference" between the Republican and Democratic parties when one recognizes that Wallace and the more orthodox Democrats should be considered political kin.

Sixty-eight years ago Mr. Dooley declared that "th' Dimmycratic Party ain't on speakin' terms with itself." Once again the Democratic Party is coming apart at the seams, suffering senility, indigestion and an entirely justified loss of confidence in itself. To understand this—the pathology of a particular party —one must understand the nature of American party health.

McCarthyism of the Left

As Samuel Lubell noted in *The Future of American Politics*, "Thinking back through our history, we find relatively few periods when the major parties were closely competitive, with elections alternating between one and the other. The usual pattern has been that of a dominant majority party, which stayed in office as long as its elements held together, and a minority party which gained power only when the majority coalition split."

Perhaps more important, until 1932, through most of our history, American parties had been more or less sectional. But the effect of the FDR coalition—Negroes and the South, labor and intellectuals—was to nationalize the Democratic Party beyond its safe Southern base. But now, 36 years after FDR's initial handiwork, it is clear (to paraphrase Mr. Dooley) that these four groups are not on speaking terms with each other. Or, more exactly, only the Southern and labor Democrats are speaking the same language. This is how to explain George Corley Wallace. In his brilliant biography *Wallace*, Marshall Frady described his subject as "a dark poltergeist" in the land, "a reminder that anything, including the unthinkable, can happen in a democracy." Wallace is also a reminder that even the unthinkable can emerge from the Democratic Party.

A similarity between "New Left" and Wallace populism is that the shared anti-Establishment passions result in similar notions about how to translate passions into creative action. Whether sacking the Dean's office, or tossing briefcases into the Potomac, both sides share a devotion to anti-authority as an end in itself.

Future historians may note that there were two significant university closings in the 1960s. SDS closed Columbia and Wallace stood in the school-house door at the University of Alabama. And historians may decide that these two events were distinguished from one another, not by moral worth, but merely by the fact that Wallace only closed his university for four hours.

Wallace was no help to America last year, especially when he was allowing the Democrats to practice their "McCarthyism of the Left." His most lasting damage will be the sort done by other populist demagogues: he will have corrupted political debate. He maliciously exploited grievances that were real; he twisted valid issues. The attention he gave these issues may cause serious men to shy away from any consideration of them.

In the 1930s another Southern populist Democratic governor—Huey Long, the Wallace of his day—threatened to discredit all welfare legislation by the example of the one-party dictatorship he was building on the basis of a blend of welfarism and demagoguery. Now Wallace may have done the same thing with such valid issues as the control and use of local schools; the limits of civil disobedience; the excessive growth of federal power; and the role of the judiciary as an initiator of social

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change. The American people are now very sensitive to these issues and well they ought to be. Under Democratic Administrations the courts, the schools and civil disobedience have been put to uses about which honorable men of good will can disagree. But there is a chance that the Democrats will be rescued from being called to account in any fundamental way. The instrument of their salvation will be Wallace. He will enable them to indulge in the McCarthyism of the Left: He will enable them to suggest that any criticism of past policies with regard to courts and schools and civil disobedience is racist and gives aid and comfort to the Wallace forces.

Wallace's Jacksonianism

This is just an aspect of the paradox that Wallace was and will remain useful in some ways to the regular Democrats. And this in turn is just an aspect of the complex relationship between the Wallace phenomenon and the current disarray of the Democrats. The nexus of this relationship is in the competition between Humphrey's regular and Wallace's irregular Democrats for the support of the party's many Jacksonians.

The significant thing about the Wallace candidacy was its appeal to labor. Wallace nearly turned the race into a rout this year by threatening to deny Humphrey labor support. A little history explains how this was possible.

FDR was able to nationalize the Democratic Party because the party is the keeper of the Jacksonian populist tradition and there is a potential populist vote in every section of the country. For a while, Jacksonians of all regions appeared to be getting together under the Wallace banner.

Clearly Wallace is a Jacksonian populist. John Kohn, an Alabama lawyer who knows and admires Wallace, described Wallace this way three years ago: "He's the Andrew Jackson of 1966—the closest thing to Jackson that ever came along." Wallace rode into politics in Alabama on the huge populist coattails of 6'8" "Kissin' " Jim Folsom, who had size-sixteen feet and a like-sized thirst for whisky, after consuming enough of which he would talk for hours about his love for Andrew Jackson. According to Wallace biographer Marshall Frady, Wallace and his fellow Folsom supporters effected in Alabama "a rowdy, yelping transition in the stale establishment politics of the state, roughly equivalent to the advent of Andy Jackson and his backwoodsmen in Hamiltonian Washington in 1829."

Wallace is still a rootin' tootin' Jacksonian, a shooting and hanging man of violence and mobs in the spirit of Jackson, who said upon retiring that his only regrets were that he had been unable to shoot Henry Clay or hang John Calhoun.

Wallace's Jacksonianism accounts for his potency in wooing elements of the traditional FDR coalition.

The original Jacksonian uprising was a revolt of the Southern cotton and Western farming people in joint opposition to Eastern banking powers. Today's Jacksonian revolt is less regional and less economically motivated, and hence is more sinister. America is used to sectional economic conflict. But while we have prospered in spite of vertical cleavage between regions, we are not used to this aggressive horizontal cleavage.

Today Jacksonianism in practice is a labor union rule which penalizes members who display job proficiencies which make the mediocre look mediocre. Jacksonianism in practice is a brassy passion for insulting institutions —such as universities—which help men distinguish themselves from the herd. It is Wallace appointing Ralph Adams, a semiliterate crony with a sixth-grade education, to the presidency of a state college, and then boasting that "that just goes to show you, in Alabama we don't discriminate for any reason—race, creed, color, religion or ignorance."

Wallace became more than a political curiosity in 1968 when he tapped the Jacksonian impulses in American labor. In so doing he performed a service of sorts. He made some deliciously revealing discoveries about the spirit and make-up of the old FDR coalition.

In 1951 Lubell wrote that "in the long run the fate of the Roosevelt coalition is likely to hinge upon the outcome of [the] battle for racial and religious tolerance among its members." Religious tolerance—perhaps indifference—has been achieved, but economic advances have enabled some old-line labor Democrats to put economic issues second, and indulge some old-line bigotries in their voting. And where economic advances have not been so marked for labor, old-time economic motives have continued to underlie the long-time union practice of racial discrimination.

The latter conflict—between insecure whites and upward-reaching blacks—is old. What is especially interesting is the special appeal Wallace had among the more affluent union membership. The explanation of this strikes a blow against a favorite nostrum of romantic liberalism.

'Nominal Democrats'

One thing that happens when a "have not" group becomes a "have" group is that it is liberated from honorable economic preoccupations. It is then free to indulge its desires and passions concerning things other than necessities, be these passions and desires noble or vicious. It has long been an assumption of American liberals that once basic material needs are satisfied, man will indulge all the noble sentiments which inhere in his breast, yearning to breathe free. In a Humphrey-style liberal this philosophy can be summed up as the belief that once economic security is legislated there will be no more bad boys.

Obviously in the case of much of Wallace's labor support, this romantic myth about the connection between advance and moral improvement has turned out to be—a romantic myth. Some men, freed from the honorable disciplines of economic life, only indulge those vile passions which connect us all with our predatory ancestors.

What all America could learn in 1968 was that the FDR coalition had been composed of some pretty unsavory elements operating from some pretty nasty motives. As Wallace made this conspicuous, some pundits found it hard to face the facts. In his September 5 column Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* made the year's most comic analysis: "A lot of nominal Democrats —union members for one example— will vote for Wallace."

If union members are nominal Democrats then de Gaulle is a nominal Frenchman and the Jesuits are nominal Catholics. For the sake of post-election clarity one hopes that Wicker and other tender-minded Democrats will face the facts. And the first fact to face is that the American yeomen who stood up for Wallace were not doing anything all that much out of character.

Perhaps now more Americans will

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recognize that a pattern of restrictive practices is a major weapon unions now use to promote the good life for the (happily) decreasing percentage of the American labor force that organized labor can compel to join unions. What is hard to understand is why anyone should be surprised that some union membership, living off restrictive practices, which can include racial exclusion, should turn out to be capable of political action just as mean-minded as their union actions.

Pious Outrage

Wallace came out of the South to embarrass the Democrats by stirring up the Jacksonians hither and yon. Yet this was not the only source of unhappiness from the South. The South—with the single exception of Texas—deserted the Democratic plantation. Richard Nixon may have done for his party this year what FDR did for the Democrats 36 years ago: he may have nationalized the Republican Party. Perhaps we will not know for sure if the GOP is competitive throughout the South until there is a two-party "straight fight" from Virginia around through Texas. This could happen in 1972. The state to watch then will be Georgia.

Until then we can only take note of 1968's most preposterous bit of sanctimony. I refer to the pious outrage from Democrats, outrage occasioned by Republican attempts to loosen the Democratic Party's hold on Southern votes. Where would the Democratic Party have been recently without its most solid base in the Southern wing of the Party? Consider the case of the super-impeccable Adlai Stevenson, paragon of liberal decorum. Stevenson, with the help of a segregationist running mate and the traditionally racist state parties of the then one-party South, not only ran well in the South, but he ran well only in the South.

In 1960 it was Kennedy who kept faith with the Democratic Party tradition. It was Kennedy who campaigned judiciously enough to win all the electoral votes of Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Georgia, North and South Carolina.

H. L. Mencken, who could spot a moral phony better than most, used to say that a lot of Kansans would continue to vote for prohibition as long as they could stagger to the polls and find the right spot on the ballot. Since Mencken's time there have been a lot of Democrats who will continue to denounce as "racist" any attempt to woo those Southern votes that do not automatically succumb to Democratic wooing.

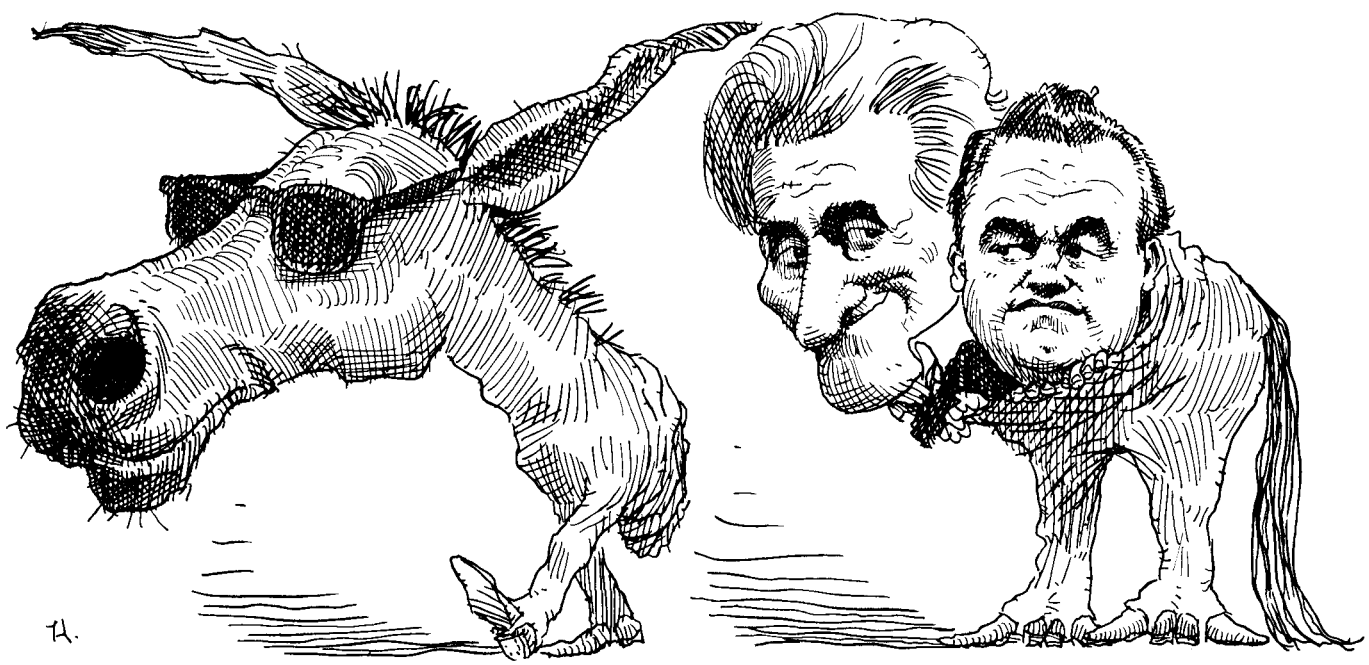
In 1968 the role was played by Humphrey, who roared around the country claiming that suddenly the Republican Party had become "the party of Strom Thurmond." Humphrey's aim was to persuade the electorate that the GOP was subservient to the South when, in the interests of party unity, it nominated a Border State governor for Vice President. Humphrey had the support of the irrepressible Mr. Wicker, who had the audacity to say that, unlike Nixon's choice of Agnew, the Kennedy choice of Johnson in 1960 was "bold and imaginative." In fact Kennedy's choice was part of one of the oldest traditions in American politics. From 1928 to 1964 the Democratic Party's Vice Presidential nominees came from Texas three times, and once each from Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. It was not until 1964, when a Southerner was at the head of the ticket, that the Democrats departed from their almost religious devotion to Vice Presidential candidates picked from the Border and Deep South states.

'Melting Cake of Ice'

The question that remains is this: Has the Roosevelt coalition broken up? It will take long and careful analysis—and maybe another general election—to get an answer. But many may be reluctant to give an answer even after the evidence is in.

The analysis of the exhausted coalition will have to be carried forward by persons who are not reluctant to face the possible necessity of a severe retrospective judgment against the coalition that has supported Democratic Party prosperity all these years. When the time comes to write the obituary on the Roosevelt coalition, we may be in for an agonizing reappraisal of nearly four decades of American political history, and of the careers of

(Continues on page 349)



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LETTER FROM LONDON

Color Enoch Powell c-o-n-t-r-o-v-e-r-s-i-a-l.
He's for Rhodesian independence. Against such tight ties
with the U.S. Thinks the Commonwealth is humbug.
Is charged with racism. He could also be the man of the hour

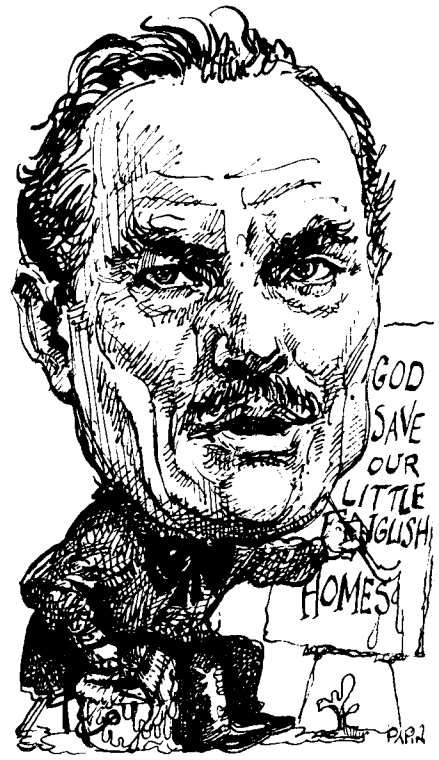
The Powell Enigma

ELSPETH HUXLEY

THE TROUBLE about getting rid of Harold, the need for which now seems apparent to a majority in these islands, is that someone has to take his place. An item in the David Frost TV program neatly hit off our dilemma. There is Harold Wilson, declaiming from the rostrum; there is Ted Heath, ditto; back we flash from one to the other, both in full spate; and the matter of the two gentlemen's oratory is just the same. Heath's words may have been attached to Wilson's face, and vice versa; we wouldn't know. So while we shall, in all probability, get a different set of men after the next election, it seems most unlikely that we shall get a noticeably different set of policies.

This provides a partial explanation of the meteoric rise to fame of Mr. John Enoch Powell. In the country of the cliché, the man who speaks his mind is king. Mr. Powell's words are his and no one else's, and they're liable to wham like gunshot into the tender spots of national idols, and leave a trail of damaged sacred cows. Yet the words themselves are not those of a demagogue. On the contrary, they proceed in measured, modulated tones from a mind that is scholarly, logical, humane and deep. They have the power of crystallizing things. If the Emperor rides by minus his clothes, the pale-blue, unfuzzed eyes of Mr. Powell will detect his nakedness and the even, decisive tones of Mr. Powell will draw our attention to this unfortunate fact.

When he brought out into the open the fears and resentments about colored immigration felt by tens of thousands, millions perhaps, of his fellow citizens, London dockers—Labor supporters almost to a man—marched with banners to the House of Commons to acclaim



this former member of a Tory cabinet. This single speech won him fame, abuse, gratitude, an enormous post-bag and dismissal from the Tory shadow cabinet. His words gave aid and comfort simultaneously to old ladies being hounded from their bed-sitters by colored landlords, and to morons who would be enthusiastic members of, if we had one, an English Ku Klux Klan. Here is the Powell paradox. The message which this highly civilized and intellectually brilliant Cambridge graduate, formerly a professor of Greek, who I am sure would rather cut out his tongue than use it to insult gratuitously a Negro or an Asian, is imparting to the nation is essentially the same as the one you see chalked up on lavatory walls: Go Home Nigger and Keep Britain White.

Already it's too late to Keep Britain White, but we might prevent it getting any blacker not only by halting further immigration, including the steady flow of dependents, nearly all potential breeders, but by putting the process into reverse. Nigger Go Home, in fact, ditto Asian, but voluntarily; their return should be invited, not enforced. Is it in the least likely that any significant number would agree to go? Mr. Powell says it is, if they were paid to do so. You might, he thinks, return to base half a million people, by presenting 100,000 immigrant families with £2,000 each. This would cost less than a single year's expenditure on overseas aid.

If something drastic on these lines isn't done we shall be faced, Mr. Powell warns us, with about the same proportion of colored folk to the original natives as prevails in the United States, and not at all evenly divided. There will be belts of Black Britain. And let no one rest on the comfortable belief that we are different here in Britain; we shall behave just like everyone else, in fact just like Americans. There will be violence, bloodshed, rioting and an end to what has always been our greatest national asset, an underlying sense of unity. It is a matter of numbers, of feeling swamped in your own land. "I do not believe," Mr. Powell has said, "it is in human nature that a country such as ours should passively watch the transformation of whole areas which lie at the heart of it into alien territory." This is a wholly contrary belief to that held by the present government, by the Opposition leaders and by the Race Relations Board set up to foster integration and to investigate charges of discrimination, now an offense under the

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law. To the question, "Are you convinced that integration really *is* impossible, however hard we try?" Mr. Powell returns a simple "Yes."

So famous have his views on immigration become that his thoughts on other topics have become somewhat overshadowed. Some of them are tough going for coffee morning ladies, the bingo set and the bloke in the pub. Gold reserves, dollar parity, a floating pound, prices and incomes, defense, the nuclear deterrent—such are his themes. "Enoch Powell's a splendid fellow," said a Tory stalwart after one of his crowded meetings in a country town. "I've only one thing against him: I can't understand a word he says."

'Special Relationship'

Some of his words are understandable enough. Cut income tax by half, abolish taxes on capital gains and discrimination against distributed profits, remove or reduce many other burdens piled on industries and individuals by successive governments, as well as such things as the Prices and Incomes Board set up by Mr. Wilson to try to hold back wage-claims, price rises and dividends. But then he springs surprise remarks like "not a penny off the social services." Challenged to explain how you halve taxes without cutting enormous outlays such as those on education, health, pensions and the like, he spells out a complicated sum which proves his point without convincing the skeptical.

Above all he is a stripper-off of blinders, a pricker of balloons. One of our prize balloons is the Commonwealth, cherished by Socialists and Tories alike for opposite reasons. Mr. Powell says it's humbug, and dangerous humbug at that: dangerous because it fosters in the British people those delusions of grandeur which cause them to persist in such costly and outmoded follies as maintaining a military presence east of Suez based on three battalions which would be as helpless as three blind mice in the event of real trouble. A token force has to be a token of something. In the days when we sent gunboats, behind the gunboat was a powerful navy and behind the navy a resolute and mighty force. A gunboat on its own is just a cockleshell.

He is equally down to earth about Rhodesia. Just as Britain should be white, so central Africa should remain black, and this means unimpeded progress towards majority rule, the most important of the famous Six Principles on which the Smith/Wilson talks have twice foundered. They will go on foundering on this, so it is a waste of time to go on trying to square the circle. To cook up what he calls a "pie-crust constitution," made only to be broken, would be plain dishonest. So we must pocket our pride, put up with a deluge of abuse from the United Nations and recognize facts. The independence of Rhodesia is a fact, which is stronger than law. The sooner a republic is declared in Salisbury the better, and then we can resume normal relations with a foreign country whose internal policies we may not endorse, but are powerless to amend. (After all, we trade happily with Russia.)

The Special Relationship between the U.S. and Britain is another policy that leaves Mr. Powell unimpressed. It's the outcome of the British inferiority complex. Unable any longer to remain a major world power, we tag along behind one that is, like one of those little fish that seek the shelter of a shark's fin. As a result, we've given up making independent judgments and accept U.S. policies uncritically. Ever since the 1945 Bretton Woods agreement, the pound has tagged along beside the dollar, grappled to it by hoops of gold, whereas a floating pound free to find its own level would have kept us out of nearly all our continuing troubles, such as frequent balance of payment crises.

Our Special Relationship fixation has also robbed us of our independence in matters of defense. We have swallowed whole the theory of the nuclear deterrent, a snare and a delusion in Mr. Powell's view. Now that, at long last, the U.S. is itself abandoning this shibboleth, Britain will doubtless follow suit; but meanwhile we have hamstrung our conventional forces and destroyed our volunteer reserve. Among other things the U.S. has led us into, or rather shut us out from, is full participation in the process of forging a united Europe, or a less disunited one. Instead of viewing things from the angle of Britain-in-Europe, one eye swivels continually across the Atlantic, giving us a permanent squint. The very use of the word Atlantic gives the game away. The Atlantic doesn't need defending, Mr. Powell says, from our point of view; no one lives there; it's the North American eastern lake. What is needed is a British UDI (Unilateral Declaration of Independence).

Freedom, that is Enoch Powell's watchword. Freedom for the individual from a mist-net of bureaucratic restrictions; freedom for industry from government control; freedom for the British people from a non-stop lullaby composed of tunes of glory, that keeps us all dopey and inert. Mr. Powell started his career as a classical scholar. How far has this formed, and does it still direct, his political outlook? He pondered this before his reply. "It has given me the dimension of history, the span of two or three millennia. I can't imagine what it would be like to form judgments based on the span of a single lifetime, or on two or three generations perhaps. The classical world is the one most relevant to our own, which can provide an extension of our own experience. It enables a politician to say: 'I have seen this film through before.' In some professions that's a disadvantage, but not in politics. One draws comfort and wisdom from knowing that no political problem is being faced for the first time."

Quasi-Biological Activity

There is one abiding constant, he added, in politics: human nature. On this, all calculations must be based. "That's where the politician differs from the evangelist and the prophet. They think they can change human nature. The politician knows he can't."

No prophet: but is his a voice crying in the wilderness? Or has he a likely chance of getting his message not just heard, but acted upon? Two or three years ago he was one of half a dozen Conservative former cabinet ministers regarded by political observers as in the running for the summit, but little known to the public at large. Today he is regularly front-page news and, perhaps with Mrs. Barbara Castle, the most controversial figure in Britain, either revered (despite his disclaimer) as a prophet, or despised as a pig. Either way, he is undoubtedly a headache for Mr. Ted Heath.

His own view of his future is, like most things about him, enigmatic. What will be his course of action if, when the Conservatives return to office, they fail—as it seems probable they will fail—to carry out his policies? Would he break away and form a new party?

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No. To launch a new party, he says, is just plain impossible. "The politician's art is the art of persuasion. If he can't persuade his own colleagues, who share his basic outlook, how can he hope to persuade others who don't?" Inescapable logic. What about a group within the Tory party aiming at a change of leadership? Here Mr. Powell is cagey. "All sorts of things can happen inside parties. Change is of their essence, as long as principles remain."

If he fails to get his party to accept his policies, will he feel a sense of frustration? Mr. Powell is philosophical about this. "Politics, anyway in Britain, is a way of life, not a set of objectives. It's very rare for any politician to know that his personal interpretation of events has prevailed. There's always a great gap between what he wants to bring about and what actually happens. To be frustrated in this sense is part of the game."

He instanced Disraeli, a Tory radical who was also an odd-man-out. "Disraeli made a tremendous impact on the politics of his time. Yet what did he actually achieve? The answer is much more 'he said these things' than 'he did them.' He bequeathed us words and thoughts. These can have an influence more profound and lasting than actions." Abraham Lincoln, in short, was wrong. Today what was done on the field of Gettysburg, as regards its details, lies in the province of specialists, but the words spoken there are known to every schoolchild in the Western world and have profoundly influenced world events.

Enoch Powell used to write poetry. He doesn't any longer, but thinks it has affinities with politics. "Both are forms of self-expression—self-justifying occupations. Politics gave me the form of self-expression best suited to me, and a framework for living: work to do which I prefer to any other. All politicians are taking part in a quasi-biological activity. They're enormously expendable. Each individual offers his own solution to the problems of his time as he sees them, but only one solution, or set of solutions, will fit into the slot. What men and nations do is partly a result of their convictions, but what they can be convinced of depends on their situation at the time. Take Churchill, for instance. His supreme offering was words. He offered us the words we needed but his words led to something that was practicable—victory. And victory was practicable because someone had built the Spitfire which flew ten miles an hour faster than the Messerschmidt. This had nothing to do with Churchill, but it made his words practicable. Without the Spitfire we couldn't have won the Battle of Britain and Churchill's words wouldn't have taken effect. The politician is part of the process of trial and error—of selection. Politicians offer choices: they don't choose."

'Powellism'

Where does this political analysis place Mr. Powell himself, in the context of today's affairs? He has made his offerings: realism, radicalism and, some say, racism. At the moment, they do not slot into the needs of the time. Many would think it a national disaster if the last of them did. Mr. Powell denies that he has offered us racism; it is there already, and what he is offering is a choice between ignoring it, with explosive consequences, and taking action to prevent it from getting worse. He and General de Gaulle are, I think, the only living politicians whose names have already been turned into words. In time Powellism may change its capital for a small *p* and pass into the language like boycott, sandwich, cardigan, gladstone and quisling. Or it may vanish from the scene. Different people think it means different things. Some, black reaction; others, outspoken honesty. Some, racism of the ugliest kind; others, the guts to bring into the open what the Establishment wants to conceal. Some, a retreat to the discredited policies of laissez-faire; others, an advance towards the perennial and always threatened goal of freedom.

To the whole of the Left, and to many middle-of-the-roaders, Powellism is a dirty word to be linked with fascism and the hounding of minorities; to a growing number of the uncommitted it is offering, in his estimation and if mail-bags are anything to go by, a message of hope, and a challenge to restore our self-respect as a nation. Whatever else it stands for, it does not lack courage. Enoch Powell has made his major offering, his particular solution to a problem full of menace; now it's for the British people to make a choice which will decide, among other things, whether the fountainhead of Powellism is expendable, or whether he fits into the slot. □

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LETTER FROM LIMA

Will We or Won't We?

EDWIN McDOWELL

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION is being backed into a diplomatic corner by the military regime of this longtime pro-U.S. nation. And for no apparent reason, except to satisfy—at a potentially enormous cost—the vague nationalistic sympathies of Peru's politicians and newspapers.

The latest manifestation of the increasingly strained Peru-U.S. relations occurred in mid-February when a Peruvian Navy gunboat attacked five U.S. tuna boats in international waters. It shot up one boat and seized another, finally releasing it after fining its skipper a "symbolic" $2,000 for poaching. By itself, the incident would have caused little more than the usual diplomatic grumbling.

But the seizure came on the heels of several premeditated insults. For example, on February 1, Peru formally established diplomatic relations with Russia. Four days later a six-man Soviet Trade Mission arrived here from Moscow and promptly signed a two-year trade agreement providing Peru with a line of credit for purchases of heavy equipment up to $100 million.

Shameful Sellout?

Still there simply is no way Russia can replace U.S. economic assistance to Peru. Last year Washington gave Peru some $20 million in economic and military aid, and helped it earn $45 million more on its sugar sales to the U.S. (half of Peru's production is sold to the U.S.) than it would have earned had the sugar been sold at the free world price of two cents a pound (rather than the seven cents the U.S. paid).

Why, then, this belligerent anti-U.S. stance? Because President Juan Velasco Alvarado, 58-year-old ex-head of the joint chiefs of staff (and 35-year army veteran until retired from active service in January), is miffed that Washington insists that Peru compensate the U.S.-owned International Petroleum (IPC) for property the government expropriated on October 9, 1968. If it does not, the White House will have no option but to invoke the 1962 Hickenlooper Amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, an action which automatically would halt all aid to Peru in just about a week's time—by April 9 (six months after expropriation).

The IPC case is complicated, but justice is clearly on the company's side. In 1889 a British company acquired the mineral rights to the land which is now being disputed. In 1924, IPC (incorporated in Canada, but absorbed shortly afterward by Standard Oil of New Jersey, which since 1922 has listed it as a fully owned subsidiary), acquired title to the oil fields. And although Peruvian nationalists and leftists squawked loudly, successive governments specifically or tacitly recognized the validity of IPC's property rights.

During his 1962 election campaign, Fernando Belâunde Terry promised to expropriate IPC "the very day I am inaugurated." But as President he soon realized that to do so would discourage foreign investment and antagonize the U.S. So he temporized. When he finally did take over one IPC oilfield, he negotiated a deal with the company that Peru's nationalists and leftists claimed was a shameful sellout. Whereupon Peruvian Rangers swooped down on the Presidential Palace in the early morning of October 3, 1968, arrested Belaunde (then in the fifth year of his six-year term) and installed the current junta. Six days later, the regime—claiming that IPC has been operating illegally for 44 years—expropriated the company's refinery and oil fields. In February, going even further, Velasco claimed that IPC owed Peru more than $690 million for the millions of barrels of oil and gas the corporation has extracted from Peru's subsoil since 1924.

Invocation of the Hickenlooper Amendment (which has been applied only to Ceylon, in 1962) would be disastrous to Peru's economy. The U.S. is even now withholding $12 million in aid loans and $5 million in Export-Import Bank loans which had been earmarked for Peru this year. And Peru's sugar quota to the U.S. will be endangered.

Foreign newsmen in Peru say Velasco is being influenced by several leftist advisers, two of whom are pro-Communists and pathologically anti-U.S. The regime has even gone to the unprecedented length of welcoming home Dr. Victor Raul Haya del la Torre, a well-known leftist whom the military has always passionately hated. (It is widely believed that the military deposed Belaunde less because of his soft-on-IPC stance than because it felt Haya might win the presidential election which had been scheduled for June 9 of this year.) Not only did the regime allow Haya back, but military and civilian police even helped whip up publicity for an enthusiastic rally for him.

Sad in Spirit

General Velasco has repeatedly promised that IPC is "a special and unique case"—that all existing and future foreign investments are safe from expropriation. But the question remains: How safe is foreign investment in a country where nationalistic passions are so easily aroused by irresponsible newspapers and leftist agitators? There is a sizable U.S. investment here: Some 250 U.S.-owned companies have a total investment of about $600 million. And, until the IPC expropriation, they planned expansions and new investment of another $600 million. Peru, with a per capita income of just about $300, badly needs all the investment—foreign or domestic—it can get.

But who can guarantee that what happened to IPC will not happen to the Peruvian Telephone Co. (a subsidiary of ITT), Sears Roebuck, or Xerox, among others? Indeed, *El Comercio* already has trained its editorial sights on the ITT subsidiary. Who can guarantee that if Washington invokes the Hickenlooper Amendment, U.S. business will be safe from retaliatory expropriations . . . or from impassioned mobs?

Herman Melville once described Lima as "the strangest, saddest city thou canst see." Actually, it is a beautiful city. But it is sad these days, at least in spirit, perhaps because its citizens understand the grimness of the situation forced on their country by the ruling militarists. □

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LETTER FROM BEIRUT

On to Armageddon

DANIEL DA CRUZ

THE LITANI — mark well the name. It may be the Sarajevo of World War III.

The Litani, the Leontes of the ancients, is a river scarcely 100 miles long draining the El Beqa'a plateau between Lebanon's twin mountain ranges —where some archeologists believe civilization began — into the Mediterranean. Though short and narrow, the Litani Valley is of surpassing fertility, or would be if its annual run-off of 500 million cubic yards of melting snows could be diverted to irrigation.

To do just that, the Lebanese in 1957 began construction of the Litani River Authority which, although still incomplete, by Mideast standards already dwarfs the TVA. Its biggest dam is nearly as long as the Grand Coulee, its power plants generate more than 300 million kilowatts—half the nation's total; its stored capacity irrigates 182,000 acres—half of Lebanon's arable land. By the time the Litani trickles into the sea north of Tyre, the Litani has literally been wrung dry. So has Lebanon: the project cost $170 million, exceeding the nation's annual budget.

The Lebanese may soon wish they had put their money into something safer, like Czarist bonds, for Israel covets Lebanon's Litani Valley and, judging by past performance, means to take it.

Will Israel March?

The Zionists first claimed the Litani —in fact *all* south Lebanon, as well as the present Kingdom of Jordan, southern Syria, the Gaza Strip, and the land Israel now occupies, in a memorandum to the Versailles Peace Conference dated February 3, 1919. The astonishing legal and moral principle behind the claim was that this was the Israel and Judah of David and Solomon, both Jews, and therefore belonged to the Jews of 3,000 years later, regardless of intervening ownership. In point of fact, no Jewish frontier in any age came within fourteen miles of Tyre, beyond which lies the Litani. Nevertheless, the Zionists have reiterated the claim with monotonous regularity ever since, and the Litani, with Jordan's thinly held East Bank, is the only remaining real estate in Israel's self-promised land that it hasn't subjugated by force of arms.

Not, perhaps, for long. Everyone concedes that Israel can smash Lebanon, which to its present intense regret heeded America's plea to stay out of the Mideast arms race—and spent its money instead on developing the Litani. As a consequence, military observers give Lebanon's 12,000-man army only six to twelve hours to survive against an onslaught by Israel's army of 250,000 at full war strength. The question is, will Israel march against its peaceful northern neighbor?

Many Lebanese are convinced it will. They point out that Israel has conquered and incorporated within its borders, one after another, every territory it has ever claimed, excepting only Jordan's East Bank and south Lebanon; that 32 UN condemnations

of its aggressive policies have had no restraining effect whatever on Israel's territorial expansion; that the United States, in the crunch, will as usual react to Israel's embarrassing appetite for aggression with hand-wringing, not neck-wringing.

But the clincher to their argument that Lebanon's days of peace are numbered is the recent Israeli commando raid on Beirut Airport. Diplomatic sources acknowledged that Israeli security officers witnessed the interrogation of the two Arab terrorists after the El Al incident in Athens. The officers left for Tel Aviv—a full day *before* the raid—to report that the terrorists had indeed been in Lebanon—for 45 minutes as transit passengers *en route* from an Arab capital to Athens. Hardly a pretext, even for Israeli hawks, for the attack at Beirut International Airport.

The raid, in fact, was too meticulously planned and executed to be the offhand, frustrated reaction to "Lebanese" terrorism as advertised. Much more likely, so the reasoning goes, is that the raid was the long-prepared opening gun in Israel's campaign to absorb the Litani, to be fired whenever Lebanon incautiously provoked Israel publicly, as seemed the case in Athens. If international indignation was limited to words, then Israel could easily discover new, improved incidents to justify a full-scale invasion of Lebanon.

When Israel Marches . . .

When the Israeli push into Lebanon comes, as Abba Eban, Yigael Allon and Zionism's founder Theodore Herzl among others insisted it must, then the moment of truth has arrived for the United States in the Middle East. Will it decisively defend Lebanon, a lonely citadel of Middle Eastern free enterprise, Western-style democracy and rich cultural and religious—mainly Roman Catholic—ties with the West, thus serving both its principles and its interests? Or will the United States abandon Jordan's East Bank and the Litani to Israel, the rest of the Arab world to Russia, and pretend to itself that the loss of the world's major source of oil and access to the crossroads between East and West doesn't really matter?

It's a tough problem, but not an altogether novel one: Neville Chamberlain faced it in Munich on September 29, 1938. □

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'NO OTHER GOSPEL!'

Here's the paradox: German theologians, striving to make their church more relevant to twentieth-century man, are talking to empty houses while a new traditionalist movement has a strong, committed and growing following

The Struggle for the German Church

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

To many of us—including the author, who first studied theology in Germany and at Harvard from 1955-1959—it seems that theological radicalism, especially German theological radicalism, has been with us for a long, long time. Of course other countries have had their theological radicals too, but the scholarship, industry and productivity of German theologians for the last two centuries has enabled them to play a pre-eminent role in the intellectual development of world Protestantism. Hermann Samuel Reimarus (1694-1768) shocked the Christians of his day with his posthumously published *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, in which he claimed that Jesus was a political Messiah who failed, and whose disappointed followers had turned Him into a religious figure after His execution. During his lifetime, Reimarus behaved as a conforming Christian and wrote and published orthodox books; only after his death did his rejection of traditional Christian beliefs about Jesus become known.

Reimarus was characteristic of the rationalistic enlightenment rejection of those elements of Christian teaching which did not seem plausible to natural human reason. He was followed, in the Romantic period, by Friedrich Schleiermacher (1768-1834). Schleiermacher "defended" Christianity against its rationalist critics not by attempting to refute their charges, but by taking Christianity out of the objective realm of historical fact and concentrating on the subjective realm. For him the essence of religion was a sense of man's absolute dependence upon God; its factual, doctrinal content was of secondary importance. (Schleiermacher strongly influenced the late Paul Tillich, with whom absolute dependence became "ultimate concern," and is currently enjoying a new vogue among American

theologians.) Historical skepticism and Hegelian philosophy combined in David Friedrich Strauss (1808-1874), who taught that God had not been incarnate in the Man Jesus Christ, but in the whole human race. The miracles of Jesus were the products of His disciples' fantasy. The frank and outspoken Strauss was ostracized by the church, but he was followed by a whole legion of religious radicals with university professorships in theology, most of whom saw in Jesus only a gifted and good man whose followers had allowed their fancy to run wild in praising Him and in telling of His life and deeds.

Somehow all this theological ferment has only recently come to the attention of the church-goers and of the general public in Germany itself. When Bishop John Robinson published *Honest to God* in 1963, he was saying nothing new to his fellow theologians. *Honest to God* is little more than a warmed-over stew consisting of ideas culled from three Germans, Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906-1945), Paul Tillich (1886-1965) and Rudolf Bultmann (born 1884). But the German public, which had only dimly understood Bonhoeffer, Tillich and Bultmann, got the message when *Honest to God* was translated into German. Robinson was proud of the book's reception in Germany, which is usually hostile to non-German theologians, and bragged that it could even be freely imported into East Germany, where, he says, "they thought it was atheist propaganda!" Apparently the East German authorities knew the value of the book better than the bishop himself. Dr. Klaus Bockmühl, university chaplain at Heidelberg, claims that the German translation, *Gott ist anders* ("God is Different"), was a spark which set off an anti-religious reaction in nominally Christian Germany, so much so that large numbers of people for the first time are publicly opposing Christianity and state support of the churches.

Whether *Gott ist anders* was responsible, both church-going and merely nominal Protestants in Germany have abruptly waked up to what the university professors of theology have been doing in the last several decades. Despite Robinson's claim that his book would make it easier for people to believe, he seems in fact to have made it easier for them to renounce Christianity. By convincing them that Christianity's leading scholars no longer believe in the truth of the historic doctrines of the faith (although they may preserve the name, the revenue and some of the language of Christian ministers and teachers), Robinson has caused his readers to ask: "If the theologians don't believe, why should we?"

Since the early 1960s, many things which used to be in the theologians' private domain have been brought into the cross-fire of widespread public debate and discusion. In the United States, Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* has established a religion department to aid him in his

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war against "puritanism" (by which he means Christian morality), but it is not likely that many people are influenced by the *Playboy* theology. In Germany, by contrast, the cudgel has been taken up by the deadly serious and highly influential newsweekly *Der Spiegel*. *Der Spiegel*'s power to influence German opinion is shown by the role it played in contributing to the downfall of Ludwig Erhard as German Federal Chancellor. Against the churches, both Protestant and Catholic, it uses two main tactics: 1) it uncovers and publicizes every example of inconsistency and hypocrisy it can find in any religious leader or group; 2) it gives the widest and most pointed publicity to any radical theologian who is willing to challenge any part of traditional Christianity or the institutional church.

Sometimes one gets the impression that *Spiegel* editor Rudolf Augstein, a disillusioned former Roman Catholic, somehow hopes to goad modern theologians either into defending orthodoxy or into giving up the name Christian. He gave major prominence to a book by Joel Carmichael, *The Death of Jesus*, which revived the old thesis of Reimarus about Jesus as a frustrated political revolutionary. Augstein seems to be trying to force today's theological radicals to admit that one cannot repudiate all of Jesus' positive religious claims and still go on with business as usual in the church. In this, one can only applaud him.

Trumpet Blasts

On the official, theological level, the *Spiegel* campaign seems to have had little success. Far from admitting their essential spiritual kinship with Carmichael or realizing that *Der Spiegel* is using them to hurt the church, the theologians go on gladly giving interviews, apparently in the delirious fancy that the publicity they thus obtain promotes "the faith." But on a lower, less erudite level, the campaign of *Der Spiegel* and other secular media is bearing fruit. If the academic theologians cannot see the contradiction in claiming that Jesus's body is still mouldering in a Palestinian grave, but that His "message" is wonderful and that His cause must go on, the general public can.

On one side, a small but growing group of ordinary people is taking the unprecedented step of officially dropping membership in the state churches and of asking that their children be excused from religious instruction in school. A larger group is simply staying away from church, more or less as it did before, but now with an easy conscience, convinced that God is neither "up there," "out there," nor anywhere else, and that Jesus Christ is still in His grave and will not come again to judge the living and the dead. All this they have on the authority of the best modern theologians. A third group, finally convinced of the fundamental nature of the conflict between the historic faith and many modern theologians, is repudiating not the faith but the theologians. Some of these too withdraw their children from "modern" religious instruction.

The state churches are upset by these developments. Church taxes have been collected by the state for centuries, and form the basis of the considerable wealth of German Protestantism. They are not obligatory, however, and can be avoided if the taxpayer will sign a declaration withdrawing from the church. This is beginning to happen often enough to make the state churches uneasy. As a result, church administrators are beginning to try to put the brakes on publicizing what the radicals believe, or rather do not believe. But this reaction is coming too late. The secular press, which has drawn blood by publicizing the radicals, is not going to stop because its efforts are beginning to hurt the church—after all, that was the point.

On the other side, the growing discontent of the conservative faction is also viewed with alarm, because it threatens the unity and slumber of the church—and the church taxes. If the conservatives succeed in forcing the radicals out, church authorities fear an increasing withdrawal of the liberals and of the merely nominal believers. Among the conservatives, the growing discontent has finally peaked in some very literal trumpet blasts.

With a clash of trumpets in Dortmund's *Westfalenhalle* (capacity 20,000) on March 6, 1966, the Confessional Movement (*Bekenntnisbewegung*) was inaugurated. Its battle cry, taken from St. Paul's Galatian Epistle, is "No other Gospel!" (1:6). It is a broadly-based attempt to rally all those who are upset by the growing apostasy in the theological faculties, from conservative professors through local pastors down to the little old ladies who so often contribute so much to praying and paying for the work of the church. The fact that the use of trumpets has a long and honored history in German Protestantism did not protect the "No other Gospel!" movement from ridicule. The "trumpet-cries of alarm" were greeted with derision in the secular communications media as well as by the large part of the religious press which is controlled by the official church establishment. But the derisive hoots have begun to take on a certain note of anxiety, for it is becoming more and more evident how many of the laity are in sympathy with the Confessional Movement rather than with the establishment and with radical theology.

Twentieth-Century Germany

Modern theology has always professed a concern to make Christianity relevant to the layman, and has encouraged the laity to play a more active role in the church and in theology. But something seems to have gone wrong. The laymen who have not been influenced by radical theology, whose heart is still with the "old-time religion," flock to the "No other Gospel!" movement, giving it a tremendous lay participation. On the other hand, the emancipated laymen, whose religion has been "demythologized" by Bultmann and his cohorts, do not flock to laymen's meetings to spread the enlightenment on a lay level. They just stay at home. Thus a paradox has arisen. Those who have talked most about "making Christianity relevant to twentieth-century man" have few disciples among twentieth-century laymen, because the people they convince give up the church. The Confessional Movement, by contrast, which the radicals have derided for speaking the language of another century, has a strong, committed and growing lay following.

The remarkable thing about the Confessional Movement is that it has taken so long to get started. Even admitting that the conclusions, or rather the allegations, of modern theology were not widely known to lay people until the 1960s, they were certainly known to the professors and pastors who are spearheading the revolt. Why did it take them so long to challenge theological radicalism? The answer lies largely in the tormented history of Germany in the twentieth century and also partly in the fidelity of the sponsors of the Confessional Movement to the institutional church, the organization which now bitterly complains about their "rebellion."

Before World War I, an optimistic, progress-oriented liberal Protestantism

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reigned in Germany. Led by Adolf von Harnack (1851-1930), it believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and saw in the German Empire ruled by Wilhelm II the fulfillment of Jesus' dreams of order and progress. This liberalism conceived of Jesus as a kind of meliorist social reformer before His time, helping man to progress towards having the best of all possible worlds. None other than Albert Schweitzer demolished the theory behind this conception of Jesus with his *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* (1906), in which he showed that Jesus definitely proclaimed an apocalyptic judgment instead of constant progress. But it was the war itself which dealt the death-blow to liberal Protestantism in Germany, smothering it in blood, flame and smoke.

Fatal Drift

The end of the war was accompanied by a powerful reaction against theological liberalism. Karl Barth's *Commentary on Romans*, written within earshot of the German and French bombardments, found a fresh authority and urgency in the Bible read as the word of a transcendent and powerful God. Karl Holl (1866-1926) promoted a revival of interest in Luther and of Luther's intense, personal faith. Adolf Schlatter (1867-1938) and Karl Heim (1874-1958) placed the central concerns of historic evangelical theology at the heart of their own teaching. With Hitler came the *Deutsche Christen* (German Christians), who hailed the Nazi movement as God's work in history. This brought a reaction in the establishment of the Confessing Church (*bekennende Kirche*, which helped to inspire the name of the *Bekenntnisbewegung*). The struggle against Hitler and the pro-Nazi trends in the church kept the conservative Protestants busy through World War II. Theological radicals like Bultmann and Ernst Käsemann also opposed the Nazi ideology, which seemed more important than theological controversy. Then came the German collapse, economic disaster and foreign occupation. As a result of all these things, first the encouraging signs of the pre-Nazi years and then of the struggles with the Nazis and the war, pastors and congregations had too much to do to think about a new and growing force in university theology, the school of Rudolf Bultmann, "existentialist interpretation" or "modern theology."

In the second place, as we have suggested, the conservatives really were loyal to the organized church and to its structures. As long as some important theologians, such as Barth, Schlatter and Heim, continued to affirm the central doctrines of the faith, the conservatives tended to disregard the radicals like Bultmann who repudiated them. During the years when Barth, Schlatter and Heim were most influential, the German conservatives failed to take sufficient notice of the fact that while these men supported the fundamental doctrines with their hearts, their minds accepted a good many of the presuppositions and methods of more radical theology.

"Neo-orthodoxy," as the movement inaugurated by Barth came to be called, accepted that the humanity of the Bible implied fallibility while maintaining its essential truthfulness and authoritativeness. This position is difficult to defend against rational criticism. A factually and historically unreliable but morally and religiously binding divine revelation may be thinkable but it is not very convincing to most rational men. In effect the neo-orthodox demanded a new kind of "leap of faith" into the irrational. One was asked to believe in "the great truths of revelation" in spite of all evidence. It is no accident that neo-orthodoxy coincided with a revival of interest in the paradoxical Danish theologian Kierkegaard.

This irrational belief in traditional dogmas without a credible foundation in a trustworthy revelation proved difficult for the neo-orthodox professors to communicate to their students. As a result, there is today no influential Barth school or Schlatter or Heim school as there is a Bultmann school. Likewise, despite its renewed emphasis on the message of the Bible, neo-orthodoxy did not produce any significant evangelism —its message is too paradoxical to be preached with effectiveness. The real disciples were being made not by the believing but irrational neo-orthodox, but by the skeptical but rational Bultmann. Today Bultmann's friends and disciples dominate German theological education (and exert a tremendous effect on both Protestantism and Catholicism in the United States as well).

Finally, even as they began to sense the fatal drift of academic theology, as Schlatter died and Barth and Heim retired and left no one to carry on their work, the conservatives still trusted the institutional church to remain true to its confessions of faith and to put an eventual stop to the defection within the theological faculties. The official confessions of faith of the German Protestant churches have remained virtually unchanged since the Reformation era, and all ministers and most theological professors have formally subscribed to them. The religious conservatives in Germany made the same mistake that political conservatives and states' righters have made in America: they thought that a formal commitment to a document, such as the Augsburg Confession or the United States Constitution, would actually be respected.

Following World War II, the German *Kirchentag* (Church Assembly) was organized, a not-quite-regularly biennial mass-meeting of laymen and theologians from all over Germany. In its early years it had been a sign of the renewed spiritual vitality of German Protestantism; its meetings were characterized by strongly Biblical fervor and by evangelistic zeal as well as by a growing social concern. But the influence of radical theology soon began to make itself felt. In 1965 the theme of the *Kirchentag* was "Freedom." Several of the speakers interpreted this in terms of freedom from traditional beliefs instead of as freedom in Christ. Germany's own spokesman for the God-is-dead movement, Mrs. Dorothee Sölle, was given a prominent place in the program. This was the last straw for the conservatives. In the winter of 1965-66 the Confessional Movement was organized: on March 6, the trumpets blared.

Aroma of Controversy

In 1966, the *Kirchentag* sponsors, unimpressed by this opposition, or thinking that it could be killed by ridicule, continued in the tradition of 1965, but by 1967 the professional church administrators were sufficiently alarmed to attempt a change of front. Bishop Hans Lilje of Hannover, publisher of the influential church paper *Das Sonntagsblatt* and a moving force in the *Kirchentag*, tried to embarrass the leaders of the Confessional Movement and paint them as inquisitors by publishing the names of the theologians whom they had privately told him they would not accept as speakers at the 1967 *Kirchentag*. (E.g., Willi Marxsen of the University of Münster and Ernst Käsemann of Tübingen.) The radical speakers were kept on the program, but were encouraged to pull out all the stops of old-fashioned piety in order to head off the mounting storm of opposition. The Confessional Movement was to be given the opportunity to speak out at the

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Kirchentag—by participation in panel discussions.

Its leaders rejected this opportunity, on the grounds that for them the *Kirchentag* was not supposed to be a place where historic Protestantism is allowed a voice, but a place where it is proclaimed. The offer of participation in panel discussions made it look as though orthodoxy were just one of many possible opinions, and not a very highly respected one at that. Rather than accept such an implication, the Confessional Movement declined the offer and called upon Germany's Protestants to boycott the *Kirchentag*.

Naturally the boycott enhanced rather than spoiled attendance at the 1967 *Kirchentag*, which was devoted to the theme "Peace." Ernst Käsemann played all the familiar notes of old-fashioned evangelistic rhetoric in a sermon on the Cross. Professor Helmut Thielicke of Hamburg assured the delegations that theological radicals were "pious in their own way." For the younger delegates, there were protest songs and rock music. A group of proto-hippies, collected at Hannover's *Georgsplatz* and taken to the *Kirchentag* in a chartered bus, shocked their benefactors by telling them: "We prefer you to be Christians to us, like the [conservative] evangelistic workers in town, and not to try to be 'a beat to the beats.'" Pastor Otto Rodenberg of Rengshausen, one of the intellectual leaders of the Confessional Movement, pointed out that in Käsemann's "moving" address the important "cross" was not the Cross on which Christ died, but our own little cross of self-denial. In other words, Käsemann was using Christian language to expound a classical heresy, one which Luther condemned in no uncertain terms.

The boycott gave the 1967 *Kirchentag* an aroma of controversy, which made it more attractive to the sensation-seekers and to the merely curious than previous ones had been. It is unlikely that this attraction will prove lasting, because the Confessional Movement speaks for the most active and committed laymen, the kind the *Kirchentag* needs if it is to be anything more than a theological variety show. Very few of them were taken in by the strains of piety introduced by people such as Käsemann. Professor Käsemann, who according to his Tübingen students cannot brook contradiction, reacted to the factual and formally courteous criticism of his address by Rodenberg and others with vehement bitterness and sarcasm.

Sarcasm has been a tool of the radicals and secularists in all their dealings with the Confessional Movement. The noted Mainz mathematician and University rector Hans Rohrbach, one of the members of the movement's central committee, is as a mathematician immune to the "scientific" scorn of the radical theologians. Theology Professor Walter Künneth of Erlangen, by contrast, has had derision heaped upon him for his espousal of the "No other Gospel!" position. Dr. Gerhard Bergmann, the movement's best-known polemicist, is treated as a comic figure or a witch-hunter; his factual charges are largely ignored. After its initial impact, however, the effect of sarcasm and derision becomes blunted. The Confessional Movement has found its footing, and will doubtless continue to grow and increasingly to embarrass the organizational church. Both the free churches and the Roman Catholics, who have also been adversely affected by theological modernism, have shown an interest in the movement, and various work and study groups have been established.

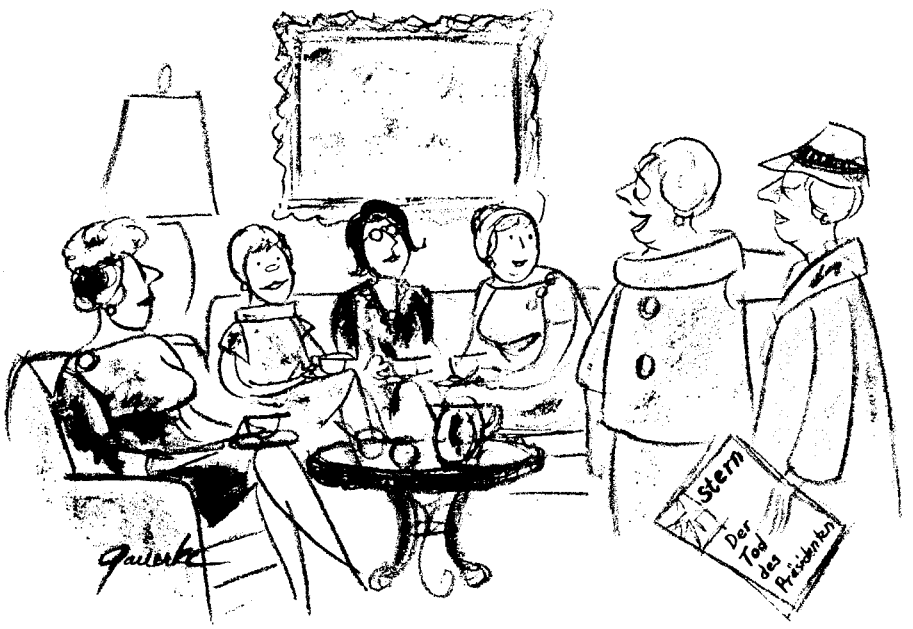
Inviting Targets

One major difficulty for the Confessional Movement in the future lies in the fact that it is a negative movement, a protest movement. Protests are popular today, but "No other Gospel!" has the disadvantage that it attracts people who want to protest against things like Communism, pornography and the use of narcotics, against which one is not supposed to protest in our century. It has attracted a number of quixotic supporters of lost causes, including those who would like to return to the old Prussian motto, "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland!*" These concerns are by no means unrelated to the main spiritual concern of the Confessional Movement, but they have the effect at present of distracting people from the main goal, which is to recover theological orthodoxy for the church. In addition, they furnish inviting targets for the hostility of the secular and religious press.

The greatest danger facing the "No other Gospel!" movement is not that it might collapse. It has too broad a base of popular lay support for that. It is rather that the concerted and literally hateful opposition of most of the professional theological community may drive it into an anti-intellectual position, rather as happened to American orthodox Protestants in the early years of this century. American Protestantism is only now recovering from the adverse effects of the anti-cultural prejudices of fundamentalism, and a recrudescence of fundamentalism in this sense in Germany would isolate the German churches almost completely from the rest of German society.

There is then a real danger that the Confessional Movement will be driven by the hostility and unfairness of its intellectual critics and pulled by the anxieties of its eccentric supporters into a kind of anti-cultural fundamentalism.

(Continues on page 349)



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THE OPEN QUESTION

Mr. Melvin's Welfare State

MARTIN H. ANDREWS

In his article "Big Brother Is Dead Too" [*NR*, February 11], Kenneth Melvin betrays, by his belief in the inevitability of prevailing conditions, the same failure of imagination that is characteristic of the modern liberal. Perhaps the most startling remark in the whole piece is the claim that the welfare state has been a "signal triumph of social engineering." While this statement has a certain charming perverseness in a time when even the architects of the welfare state are beginning to criticize it, as a substantive proposition it has very little to recommend it. Conservative critics have concentrated on two points: That the system is inefficient, and that the welfare bureaucracy has an inherent tendency to grow and become ever more powerful.

With respect to the first criticism, Milton Friedman has contended that only one dollar out of five earmarked for the use of the poor ever reaches their hands. Compared with Professor Friedman's plan for the negative income tax, which would have the additional advantage of eliminating much of the bureaucracy that Mr. Melvin claims is necessary for the maintenance of the welfare state, the present system is appallingly inefficient.

The charge that the welfare state has an inherent tendency to grow involves more than the simple assertion of Parkinson's Law. It also means that the state engages in practices which create a further need for its services. For example, governmental fiscal policy has led to an inflated currency. This, in turn, has made it difficult for old people to maintain their savings at full value. Old people, as a result, are increasingly forced to rely on governmental assistance. Present tax policies are another example of the same thing: With progressive taxation it is more difficult for private citizens to accumulate capital. For the country as a whole to maintain a suitable level of investment, then, more and more investment will have to be made by the public sector. Minimum wage laws and urban renewal projects are two more instances, among many that could be named, which have the effect of leading, upon their application, to an increased need for government aid.

It is possible to design programs which will provide for the afflicted in society without the inefficiency and centralization of power that is involved in the modern welfare state. Friedman's negative income tax is one example of such a program. That the welfare state is to some degree workable is manifest; that it is a "signal triumph of social engineering" is a considerable overstatement.

We come now to the point which is the real message of Mr. Melvin's article. It is to be found in the following sentence: "Rebellion against social controls, bureaucracy and collective planning is no more than a vote for anarchy." It is clear that the criterion of how "social" something is constitutes a sort of *vade mecum*, for Mr. Melvin. The word "social" occurs constantly throughout the article. We find the phrases "social man," "social conformity," and the "socially estranged." It has occurred to me that the over-use of this particular word may well be a cover for loose thinking. Whatever Mr. Melvin has in mind when he uses the word, it is clear that it is not consistent with an individualism maintained against public opinion. We read, for example, that "the socially estranged reveal . . . many features of the disordered mind."

Let us now consider the problem of conforming to school regulations, a problem which Mr. Melvin discusses at some length. It is notoriously true that some of the most eminent men of our civilization have strongly disliked school, or had difficulty in meeting its requirements. I have just perused a study of four hundred eminent men in which it was claimed that 60 per cent of these individuals had just such social or scholastic difficulties. While school bureaucracies and school regulations serve useful purposes, the nurturing of genius is probably not one of them.

It is also true that in our universities there are a great many scholars who do research to which they are not seriously committed, that there is a large degree of impersonality on the campus, that many excellent scholars are rewarded by having their teaching loads reduced to almost nothing, that many universities appear to regard their chief duty as turning out cogs for the great machine outside, and that students, as a result, are often treated more like commodities than human beings.

In view of these considerations, it does not seem to me that a degree of rebellion constitutes a vote for anarchy, but merely a desire for an improved conception of the purposes of the academic community. Rebellion in itself, of course, is not particularly admirable. Many of the reforms advocated by the New Left, for instance, are the sort that would make the imperfect even more imperfect.

As for Mr. Melvin's contention that there are similarities between the socially estranged mind and the disordered mind, we may note that while this may be true, it is not particularly important. Thinking or behaving in a way contrary to the majority of one's fellows always extracts a certain psychic toll. It is, indeed, appropriate that it should. It would, however, be most illogical to draw the conclusion that because a man is neurotic his opinions are false.

Mr. Melvin goes on to assure us that rebelling against collective planning is also a vote for anarchy. Most societies of the past have not had collective planning, but it would be stretching a point to say that these were anarchies. The most important argument against the planned economy from the viewpoint of the conservative is that it restricts the freedom of the individual. The conservative has always tended to believe that passionate men will be individually pursuing aims which will often be in conflict with the aims of other passionate men. The chief role of government in this view is to establish and enforce ground rules for the mediation of disputes between individuals or groups with these conflicting pursuits, not to impose its own set of goals on the citizens. When the individual comes to be regarded merely as raw material for use in The Plan, the conservative begins to speak of the loss of freedom. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

NO FEET ON THE FLOOR

FROM THE ACADEMY

At Oakland University, in Michigan, last term, a male student obtained considerable attention, in the press, and in the state legislature, by stripping off all his clothes before a mixed class. He had been reading some verses of Yeats aloud to his fellow students, and he said he would feel more free if he were naked. (William Butler Yeats would have kicked him downstairs.) Since then, this young exhibitionist has departed to "study" in India, I am told.

In immediate consequence of this performance, a member of the Michigan Senate demands an investigation of Oakland University. This senator, living in Oakland County, hears many rumors of the carryings-on at Oakland U. Well, I know a number of Oakland students —and nearly anything you hear about Oakland is true.

This curious institution, situated amidst the affluent northern suburbs of Detroit, was founded as a branch of Michigan State University, but is now virtually autonomous. In the beginning, Oakland was supposed to emphasize quality of instruction; the first dean declared that he wanted "not well-rounded men, but men with hard, abrasive edges." Quality went out of the window in the game, however, because the typical Oakland student—permissively reared and schooled, and suffering from all the ills of suburban affluence—wasn't eager for the works of the mind.

Quantity, however, Oakland has—growing by leaps and bounds, on the model of its parent Michigan State. With its nine-story dormitories, Oakland is educational collectivism; also it is Brave New World, in mind and morals. There survive some good students—most notably, successful people of mature years who live in Oakland County and take courses in their leisure hours. (These middle-aged students often are resented by the typical Oakland undergraduates, on the ground that the suburban junior executives and housewives, being able to study at home, earn better grades and therefore force up the grading "curve.")

This complaint is not altogether unreasonable, in that the undergraduate dwelling in Oakland's monstrous dormitories—supposing he wishes to read books or write papers—can find silence and solitude nowhere. The students are packed four or five to a bedroom; the nominal rule that quiet should prevail in the dormitories from seven in the evening to seven in the morning never is enforced; the dormitory lounges are equipped with big television sets, seldom turned off; and the couches in those lounges are pre-empted by ardent couples "making out," almost round the clock. There remains the library; but that, too, is noisy and disorderly. Such, on more campuses than Oakland's, has become our higher learning.

A number of girl students, vexed at finding no place to sit in the dormitory lounges and being somewhat embarrassed when compelled to receive visiting parents in lounges which looked like bordellos, recently proposed that some restrictions be imposed upon the makers-out in one of the residence halls. Should it not be required that courting couples in the lounges keep one foot on the floor—that is, one foot out of two feminine and two masculine feet? Heartened by this ethical discussion, other girls suggested that perhaps regulation should be carried even farther: *two* feet, per couple, on the lounge floor at all times. This would make more space on the couches, for one thing.

All nine floors of the dorm were consulted, and sentiment seemed to favor such an infringement upon absolute liberty. But the requirement has not been adopted—because the senior housemother flatly refused to enforce any such bothersome provisions.

Along one corridor, even liberal-minded girls were somewhat vexed by the fact that the female inmates of one room were entertaining, every night, all night, for weeks on end, a gentleman-caller. They objected to curious odors —presumably of narcotics—emanating from that room; to hysterical or ecstatic screams in the wee hours; to obscene conversations which penetrated through the partition-walls; to the gentleman-caller's custom of peering into other girls' rooms as he passed along the corridor.

At length a housemother was prevailed upon to remonstrate with the offending coeds. She declared mildly that if such visitations continued, she might feel it necessary to report to higher authority. Then the gentleman-caller ceased to call; but soon there appeared another lodger in the same room—a baby, said to belong to friends, who took up regular residence and who rends the night with its wails. So much for hard, abrasive edges at Oakland.

Last term's orientation at that institution of higher learning consisted principally of exhortations against Demon Racism. All entering freshmen were given copies of the Kerner Report to study, and there occurred much related indoctrination by lecture. Thankful for small favors, nevertheless, some of the better freshmen report to me that there was one orientation period devoted to a talk about books the new students should read.

IT IS SO PLEASANT, in the Academy, to talk grandiosely about a better social order for the busy world; and so painful, of course, to recover order within the Academy itself—let alone to impart those principles of right reason that make possible the ordering of the soul. At Concupiscence U., where freshmen enroll in a dreary survey-course in "social psychology," there is all manner of freedom except freedom of the psyche. Doubtless such institutions work to produce a society as free as that of *Brave New World*. □

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The Dignity of the South

JEFFREY HART

The Southern Tradition at Bay
By Richard M. Weaver
Arlington House, $7

Any time you come across an idea, something new, some increment of consciousness—any time, that is, you feel yourself in the presence of an interesting writer—it is well to look in such a writer for the experience of contradiction. The contradictions encountered in experience generate ideas, and without contradictions, without *problems*, it would be difficult to imagine how there could be any ideas at all. Edmund Burke was "startled into reflection" by the doctrines of the French revolutionists. He felt the contradiction between these doctrines, passionately espoused, and all that he knew about human nature. The attack raised tradition to consciousness.

In Richard Weaver's experience, it seems clear, the contradiction experienced was between the felt presence of an older system of society, and an older code of manners, felt and actual even in the rags and tatters of that culture which he experienced in the South earlier in the present century, and, on the other hand, the widely proclaimed and widely accepted values of modernity. In his later and most influential books, *The Ethics of Rhetoric* and *Ideas Have Consequences*, Weaver sought to understand, and to get behind—historically, rhetorically—those authoritative values of modernity which he took to be false. In *The Southern Tradition at Bay*, a book completed in 1943 but only now published, we have, so to speak, the other pole of the contradiction, the knowledge which energized the whole performance.

Any sort of encounter with original documents of American history is bound to be liberating at the present time. On the one hand we have the now suddenly and splendidly vulnerable myths of the official interpretation. On the other hand, in the original documents, from the Constitution and the Declaration on through the poetry and the novels and down to letters, diaries and newspaper articles, there is the recorded experience and avowed interpretation of that history. The whole point of Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore* was to break through to the felt experience. What, really, did those nineteenth-century men think they were doing as they prepared for and fought the Civil War, and as they lived through its aftermath? Wilson allows them to speak for themselves, and the results are surprising and almost always moving.

The Southern Tradition at Bay is Richard Weaver's *Patriotic Gore*, and, in my opinion, Weaver's best, most moving and interesting book. In his most famous books, mentioned above, Weaver tended to combine, and sometimes confuse, two genres, the descriptive and the hortatory. There were enormous insights in those books; but also something flattening. The problem with the later Weaver is difficult to set forth in a short space, but it has to do with the tension between history and morality. In my opinion, Weaver tended to treat circumstances as less intractable than they really were, and therefore to fall victim to a sort of gloomy facility.

Or, to take another view of his difficulty: In his life-long contest with the values of modernity, Weaver underestimated his enemy, and therefore condescended to him because he did not understand the depth and determining character of the modern idea of "culture." The modern idea of culture brings together and both perilously and powerfully fuses the old anthropological definition—"a whole way of life"—and the literary/academic definition, "the best that has been thought and said." Because Weaver did not understand this fusion, he could enter the lists with modernity only inadequately armed. For this fusion of the two ideas of "culture" is the very point of modernity as it becomes aggressive and violent—as we meet it, and, indeed, as Weaver met it. The modern idea imposes upon a "whole way of life" the intense demands of "the best that has been thought and said." Such a demand, such an imposition, is permanently revolutionary. Weaver loves the idea of culture in the anthropological sense—a whole way of life. He does not appreciate the power of the opposing impulse, which is intimately bound up with art, as well as with abstraction, and therefore he is helpless against it: more or less elegiac.

BUT WHAT HE ADMIRES is admirable indeed, and that is the foundation of wisdom, and indeed sanity. I have said that this is his best book. It is also his most scholarly one, and the one most full of "fact," sheer information, all of it extremely useful. His subject here is the South's interpretation of itself. What did the soldiers, the landowners, the theorists, the politicians, the women, the journalists, the private men and diarists, the letter-writers, actually think they were doing when they fought the Civil War? The official answer is: Slavery was the issue, and the South was defending its property in slaves. Protestations to the contrary are either propaganda or self-deception. Earlier I compared this book with *Patriotic Gore*; the literary achievement is in no way commensurate, but the impression of immediacy is. The South considered itself a different kind of society, and slavery was not in its own view its determining feature. →

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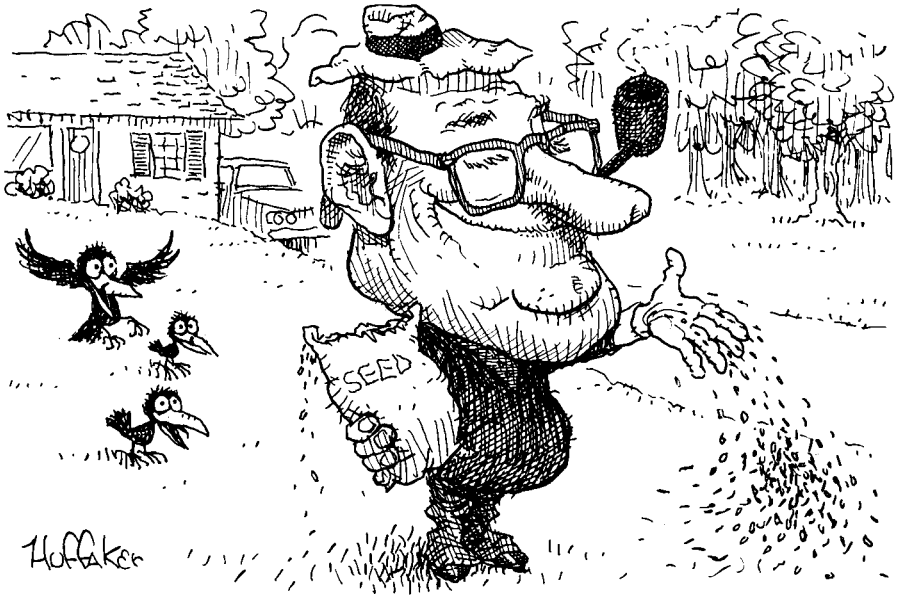
Weaver has examined an enormous amount of material, published and unpublished, and he has set forth in an orderly way the South's own portrait of itself. For these contemporary Southern witnesses, the clash was one between a "whole way of life" and an aggressive, invading force bent on destroying it. The South, and Weaver is convincing and moving in the witnesses he brings to bear, interpreted itself as Burkean: communal (as against disintegrative and individualistic), hierarchical (as against leveling), agrarian (as against commercial), religious (as against puritanical, utilitarian or atheistic), ceremonial (as against brash), normative (as against opportunistic and pragmatic). These forgotten witnesses are often very acute—they see things which indeed are there; and Weaver has performed an invaluable service in bringing them together and making them available. One sometimes has the impression that every newspaper editor and diarist—the quotations are that good—was a spring of political wisdom.

So rich in first-hand testimony and documentation is this book that one cannot begin to seek out representative quotations. The Lincoln of legend, for example, was not the Lincoln of his contemporaries' experience. The quotations here are rich. But one document stands out in this book, of all the hundreds drawn upon. Weaver is talking about the localism of the Southerner, his loyalty to state, community, family—as against the abstract and the universal. Here is Robert E. Lee's letter to his sister explaining why he has resigned from the national Army and returned, not to the Army of the "South," but to Virginia. It ought to be memorized by schoolchildren:

> My dear sister: I am grieved at my inability to see you. I have been waiting for a more "convenient season," which had brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for the redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native state. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, and my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native state—with sincere hope that my poor services will never be needed—I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword. I know that you will blame me, but you must think of me as kindly as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation. I have no time for more.
>
> May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you everlasting blessings, is the prayer of
>
> Your devoted brother,
> R. E. Lee □



The New French Revolution
By John Ardagh
Harper, $8.95

Red Flag/Black Flag
By Patrick Seal and Maureen McConville
Putnam, $6.95

STUDENT ANARCHY IN FRANCE

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

To have written an enormous, extensively researched book and to see it outdated by events before it has even been published is indeed a misfortune. John Ardagh, an English journalist working in Paris for the *London Times*, wrote *The New French Revolution* before the "events" (as the French coyly describe them) of May-June 1968. The "revolution" he was referring to was merely the impact of the modern world on the Napoleonic structures of French society. He puts the best face on it he can, adding a postscript in which he claims that the causes of the May uprisings are all to be found in his book. This is partly true, and much of the book is unaffected anyway: but there can really be no doubt that, if he were starting afresh now, the emphasis would be considerably different.

Mr. Ardagh deserves sympathy, for *The New French Revolution* has many virtues; it is excellently written, continuously interesting, informed and informative about many aspects of French life. But inevitably it seems less exciting and less urgent than a much slighter book by two other English journalists, *Red Flag/Black Flag* by Patrick Seal and Maureen McConville, which tells, straightforwardly and in considerable detail, the story of that extraordinary half-revolution last year.

The events started, it's well to remember, not with some innocent student protest about overcrowded classrooms, but with bombs planted by young leftists in the Paris offices of Chase Manhattan, the Bank of America, Trans World Airlines and American Express. A couple of students were arrested and the militants had the opportunity they were waiting for. They broke into the administrative block at the Nanterre annex of the University of

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Paris, and sat down in council to plan their protests.

LIKE Lenin, Hitler and Nasser, they were quite frank, throughout, about the objective. They wanted a revolution. They themselves, the militant core, would act as detonators, setting off a series of shocks which would build up into an avalanche of change, finally sweeping bourgeois society away altogether. The universities provided excellent tinder. They were overcrowded and overcentralized. In France, no less than in Britain and America, large numbers of unsuitable students had been drawn, by the current fashion, into hastily erected new establishments; and too many of them were reading such pseudo-subjects as sociology, which seems everywhere to be a nursery of ill-digested political discontent. The Vietnam war was an invaluable focus, drawing all manner of leftists together. "Say death to the Americans in Vietnam, or I'll box your ears," was one girl's introduction to protest at Nanterre.

The student revolt culminated in the occupation of the Sorbonne, and the setting up there, for 34 days, of a bizarre soviet, a turbulent, romantic commune. The dignified courtyard was festooned with black and red flags, and decorated with pictures of Mao, Lenin, Marx, Trotsky, Castro and Guevara. The youngsters lolled, argued, orated and made love, while the more serious ones discussed strategy, declaring themselves ready to "pass from spontaneous violence to the preparation of organized violence." But what never happened was the essential merging of the students' revolt with a workers' revolt. The workers came out on strike—but not to overthrow capitalism, merely for better pay and longer holidays. The Communist Party had no liking for the gaggle of undisciplined left-wing deviationists and judged, correctly, that a true revolutionary situation did not exist.

The politicians of the non-Communist Left behaved in typical Kerensky fashion, willing to cooperate with revolution in the hope of power for themselves. De Gaulle himself, having initially misjudged the gravity of the situation, appeared to be on the point of surrender. "Adieu, de Gaulle," chanted the students; and the Socialist François Mitterand, eager to take his place, dismissed de Gaulle scornfully as "the man of whom I shall say nothing today except that he can no longer make history." Mitterand could hardly have been more wrong. As *Le Monde* put it, "After 24 hours of mystery and incredible suspense, the tragic hero springs, with words defiant, from the trapdoor through which the pretender to the succession had thought him gone forever."

From then on, de Gaulle swept all before him. And from then on, in their summing up of the story, the liberal prejudices of Mr. Seal, Miss McConville and Mr. Ardagh have to be taken into account. They stigmatize de Gaulle's use, in the subsequent election campaign, of the Communist threat as "wickedly unfair"—on the grounds that it wasn't the Communist Party which had sparked the uprising. But can anyone really doubt that, if the revolution had succeeded, the Communists would have been the ultimate beneficiaries? To deride the Gaullists as "the party of fear" is as silly as it would have been to deride the fears of anti-Nazi Germans in the early Thirties.

Mr. Seal and Miss McConville suggest that everyone was on the revolutionaries' side, at least in the early stages: and Mr. Ardagh says he has met "few, except on the real conservative Right"—who, of course, don't count—"who wished the uprising had never happened." This is absurd. A great many respectable Frenchmen and Frenchwomen were, and are, appalled by the whole affair. But "political awareness," in the terminology of Mr. Seal and Miss McConville, is something which only left-wingers have. Right-wing activists are described as "thugs" and "rowdies" for behaving in exactly the same way as the left-wing demonstrators. We are told nothing about how Raymond Aron, for example, who disapproved of the uprising, was prevented by the unions from writing in any newspaper, or how those at the Cannes Film Festival who wanted to carry on showing their films were howled down by left-wingers. Revolutionaries who cry "Freedom" almost always mean freedom for themselves, not for the other fellow.

The student rebels are treated, in books like these, much more kindly than they deserve. There is nothing admirable about plunging an entire nation into chaos as a protest against social imperfections which were very far from intolerable. The ideology even of the leaders was, as we saw in numerous protracted television interviews, sophisticated only in the most super-

RANDOM NOTES

■ MYSTERIES: In *Cop-Out*, Ellery Queen's latest, robbers being chased by a small-town policeman take his daughter hostage (World, $4.95) . . . . In the matter of M. Simenon, *L'inspecteur*'s vacation is interrupted by, what else, murder, in *Maigret in Vichy* (Harcourt, $3.95); another murder is the mainspring of *The Prison*, a psychological thriller (Harcourt, $4.95); the Simenon *oeuvre* is examined in John Raymond's *Simenon in Court* (Harcourt, $5.95).

Mickey Spillane's new tough-guy is Ryan, who debuts in *Me, Hood* (Signet, 95 cents). . . . A duplicate bridge game leads to a double murder in *Duplicate Death*, by Georgette Heyer (Dutton, June). . . . *Cain X 3* offers a trio of James M. Cain favorites: *Double Indemnity*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Mildred Pierce*; introduction by Tom Wolfe (Knopf, $6.95).

■ WAY OFF BROADWAY: T. S. Eliot's *Complete Plays* are gathered together for the first time in one volume (Harcourt, May, $6.95). . . . Edmund Wilson's *The Duke of Palermo and Other Plays* is just out. The title play is a delicious blast at lit-crit (Farrar, $6.95); along with it comes a reissue of his *Five Plays* (Farrar, $7.50). . . . And for lovers of the Old Criticism, *Thirty Plays Hath November* is an anthology of Walter Kerr's best reviews (Simon & Schuster, $6.50).

■ BACK IN PRINT: Henri Pirenne's *Medieval Cities* (Princeton, $7). . . . George Ostrogorsky's *History of the Byzantine State*, revised (Rutgers, $15). . . . Edmund Wilson (again) has updated *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, to include further discoveries and the fate of the scrolls in the Six-Day War (Oxford, May, $6).

Looking at the Dance, Edwin Denby's collected criticism, long out of print and much sought-after, is back (Horizon Press). . . . Benet's *John Brown's Body* is out in a new edition, with notes and maps (Holt, $5.50). . . . Also revised is J. K. Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* (Houghton, $6.95). . . . Horizon Press plans a complete edition of Jack London; first titles are *The Jacket*, *The Games* and *The Abysmal Brute* ($3.95 each).

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ficial sense. There is nothing wise about expressing one's dislike of industrialization by an appeal to the politics of the antheap or the kindergarten. Many of the rebels were simply destroyers. What is flatteringly called their "youthful idealism" was often more like youthful diabolism—for the doctrine of "street power" which they proclaimed is diabolic, leading to the horror of "People's Courts," the law of the mob.

Anarchic rebels, as distinct from disciplined conspirators, are at a disadvantage because they are prevented, by their own doctrines, from properly organizing and controlling their followers. This was a major reason why the student revolt in France fizzled out. If the revolt came anywhere near success, the reason lies in the extraordinary short-sightedness and feebleness, the sheer lack of will, manifested not just during a few weeks in 1968 but over recent years, and not just in France but in America and Britain, too (for what happens in one country affects what happens in another), by so many of those whom duty and interest alike should prompt to defend most vigorously the stability of the society in which they live. □

Marx's Religion of Revolution
By Gary North

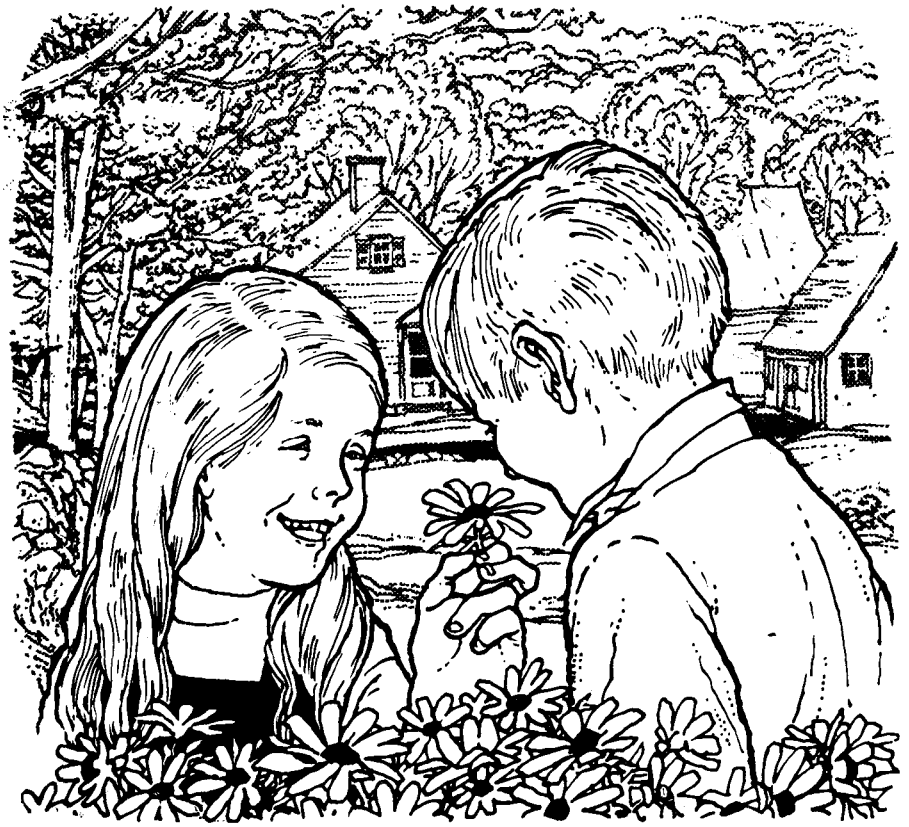
Craig Press, $3.75

MARX, MAGIC AND JOHN CALVIN

MAX GELTMAN

Nobody ever became a socialist by reading Marx. Nor, for that matter, have too many abandoned "the movement" because they found flaws in the doctrine. The opposite can more easily be proved; some of the best critics of the basic assumptions of Marxism have found it easy to go over to the Left. The recent desertion of the "realm of freedom" by the disciple of Ludwig von Mises, Murray N. Rothbard, for the mind-contracting and chaotic appeals of the New Left is a case in point. The fact that Mr. Rothbard saw superbly the flaws in the economic theories of Marx did not secure his commitment to liberty.

Marxism—by whatever name you call it, whether socialism or Communism—is largely an appeal to the emotions, not the mind, or even the heart. It is a secular faith which you enter on the condition that you leave all reason behind, bringing with you only your passions, especially your passion for destruction. That is the only creativity it endorses, having abjured the Creator principle and with it the spiritual needs of man. Its system is locked-in in its own inevitabilities, which allow man the freedom only to stoke the engine of the locomotive of History taking him to the promised land of the flaming and revolutionary future. The system can be called, with some justice, the Calvinism of the Godless.



Gary North, a disciple of the Calvinist Cornelius Van Til, as well as a superior critic of the economics of Marxism, subtitles his book "The Doctrine of Creative Destruction." Insofar as he pinpoints the clear and present danger implicit in the doctrine, and because he focuses on the so-called "alienation theory" of the Marxian *Weltanschauung,* his work is a welcome contribution to the study of the pitfalls in the recent discovery of the wisdom literature of the "young Marx."

The older Marx having failed them, the disciples (who would sooner abandon their minds than their faith) have unearthed in some of the writings of the boy Marx—he was in his early twenties when he jotted down the last of these notes—a crop of incoherent marginalia that serves to rekindle the revolutionary spark, which had been dampened by the triumph of the true and mature doctrine in Russia. In this literature they found the cause of their own malaise, "alienation," a word that has come to have universal meanings for our literary juveniles. This sense of being outside society, of estrangement, they identify with the Master's youthful notions. The condition, if you believe Marx, will remain with us so long as the division of labor prevails and will disappear only with the abolition of "alienated labor" in the classless society of the future.

Before this secular redemption is achieved, however, mankind must go through a process known as the "dictatorship of the proletariat," which no workingman wants, but which the intellectual zealots, acting as surrogates for the working classes, want to impose on them, for their own good, be it understood, since they are not "conscious of their needs." Only after this pause in Purgatory—for a thousand years?—will the "realm of necessity"' be done with, and the true "realm of freedom" be realized. Then man will work in the morning as plumber, write a poem in the forenoon, administer justice in the

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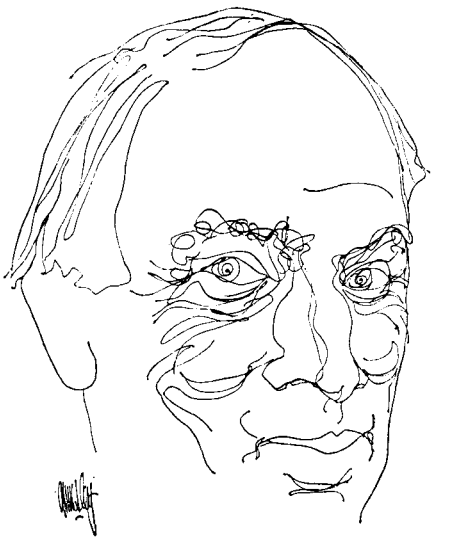
evening, produce a play at night, engage in philosophic banter until the wee hours of the dawn, and on the morrow go forth to other jobs *he* finds useful and to other enjoyments of the body and mind. This of course is the daydream of the incompetent. It also fits the psychology of the revolutionist-manqué Erich Fromm, for instance, a formidable exponent among so-called democratic socialists of the alienation theory.

TROTSKY ONCE SAID that you don't discuss the Marxian dialectic with a man who makes the Sign of the Cross. He didn't, and went on to make a revolution which finally devoured him. Mr. North makes a similar observation when he says, "Between Christianity and Marxism there can be no meaningful dialogue." And even if he forswears that he is engaged in such a debate, he goes on for an additional 200 pages underscoring the faults of Marxism in economics, politics and philosophy.

There is at bottom nothing in the doctrine that is either viable or attractive—except its commitment to violent revolution. Our author is aware of this and makes all the proper protests, but he posits that the Marxian addiction to chaos has roots dating back to the belief in primitive magic. When he asserts with a good deal of original insight that "Marx's concept of human alienation was used by him as a substitute for the Christian doctrine of the fall of man," he is nevertheless off the mark in not seeing in early man's quest for magic his eternal seeking after God. After all, it is this quest which sets man apart from the brute creatures of the earth. It is an intellectualistic conceit to see identities in analogies that are, at best, far-fetched. And to see in Marx's contempt for the religious experience a corollary to man's unknowable anguish is to do primitive man a grave injustice.

NO, MARXISM does not represent *"a secular throwback to the chaos of the ancient world,"* even if the author emphasizes the assertion in italics. Rather, it represents an all too modern demonology which thought to simplify all history, by superimposing upon it a secular Manichean heresy under the general rubric of the class struggle. To this it added a kind of deterministic wave-of-the-future ideology that, with colossal arrogance, scolded mankind to ride the crest—or else. The "or else" was the zeal with which it preached its doctrine of "creative destruction." □



Mandate '68
By Martin Sullivan
Doubleday, $7.95

TRUDEAU—DANGER TO THE NORTH

DONALD COXE

Nineteen days after the death of Robert Kennedy, Canadians awarded a smashing electoral victory to a man whose drive to power had been marked by the same sort of hysterical adulation that accompanied RFK. Liberal pundits across North America spoke of Pierre Elliott Trudeau with admiration, and some even lamented that he was unavailable as a candidate for the Democrats. It was like the death of the god-on-earth in the Old Religion: he must immediately be replaced by another god. No Canadian has received such a good press in the U.S. since Herbert Norman.

Fifteen months ago, Trudeau was virtually unknown outside French intellectual circles. The 1966 edition of *Who's Who* listed thousands of Canadians of varying distinction, but didn't include Trudeau. Even after Lester Pearson gave Trudeau the post of Minister of Justice, he was not a national figure. Astonishingly, Trudeau was catapulted to fame by introducing two controversial pieces of legislation: liberalization of the divorce code (long overdue) and amendments to the Criminal Code that removed the penalties for homosexual acts between consenting adults. He handled himself so brilliantly in defending his legislative reforms that liberal writers across Canada joyously pronounced Trudeau the man to take over from the retiring Pearson. In an unprecedented free publicity campaign, Trudeau sped from rank outsider to front runner in the leadership stakes. When the Liberal Party convention was held on April 4, he swept a strong field to take over party leadership.

Until Trudeau appeared on the scene, the election looked like a certain win for the Tories, after their highly successful leadership convention of 1967. Polls showed Canadians would give Robert Stanfield a landslide if Pearson chose to contest another election. Trudeau saved the day for liberalism, with a little help from his friends in the media.

Who is this political wonder-worker? Martin Sullivan's book, a lively portrait, suggests that Trudeau is charming, sexually attractive, brilliant, inspirational, devout and completely indispensable to Canadian unity.

Mr. Sullivan is national correspondent for *Time* in Montreal and he gratefully acknowledges the financial and other support received from *Time* in writing the book. Some years ago, the Canadian edition of *Time* was nearly forced off the newsstands by a nationalistic government. It is unlikely that Trudeau's regime will view *Time* malignly after publication of this worshipful book. It is modeled on Theodore White's "President" books, and at times the imitation is so marked that one is moved to speculate on the reason for the book's not being entitled "The Making of the Premier 1968."

Unfortunately, the polish displayed by *Time* in its weekly rush into print is not displayed in this instant book. The editorial sloppiness of the book reflects its hurried publication, particularly the errors in punctuation. Among the other slipups that careful editing might have caught is a paragraph on page 362 that could be construed as criticism of Trudeau. If the book goes into a second edition, perhaps this aberrant paragraph will be excised.

AFTER HIS STUDENT DAYS (at Harvard and the London School of Economics), Trudeau spent sixteen years associated with left-wing causes. He was one of the leading French intellectuals in the NDP (Socialist) party, until he and the two other bright French stars, Marchand and Pelletier, defected to the Liberals. During the election, the Canadian Intelligence Service circulated some anti-Trudeau material that suggested that Trudeau had been too friendly

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with Communism, and was an unrepentant socialist. In view of the source of the material (an extreme rightist publication), few people gave credence to the charges. Mr. Sullivan dismisses the allegations as "smears," but does not trouble to deal with the points raised.

Although it is legitimate to inquire into the recent past of a 48-year-old who suddenly leaps into political prominence, the questions are particularly relevant in light of Trudeau's emerging foreign policy: withdrawal from NATO, recognition of Red China, and refusal to aid Biafra. Mr. Sullivan admits that Trudeau visited Moscow in 1952 for a world economic congress, and Red China in 1960 on a trip arranged by the Canada-China Friendship Committee. The group selected for this tour was chosen by a "pro-Communist pediatrician" who arranged that the complement would be "sympathetic towards Communist China." This group, incidentally, was the first clutch of white Westerners to visit Red China after Mao's victory. Sullivan also describes Trudeau's visit to Communist Hungary in 1948 on faked papers, which was followed by a trip to Poland as French-English interpreter for the International Union of Students. Trudeau was flown out of Poland to Belgrade at no charge by the Russians. Little is said about Trudeau's career as co-editor of *Cité Libre*, a small leftist journal. One of the "smears" against Trudeau was that Stanley Ryerson, the Herbert Aptheker of the Canadian Communist Party, wrote for the publication.

Trudeau's decision to join the Liberals was apparently not motivated by any change of opinion. In fact, he was going to join the Liberals two years earlier, we are told, but Pearson surprised everyone by demanding that Canada honor its Norad commitments by acquisition of nuclear arms. This 1963 pledge was never kept, and Trudeau joined the Liberals two years later. Trudeau left the NDP, says Sullivan, because the NDP called for special status for Quebec, which was not in accord with Trudeau's centralist views. Mr. Sullivan strangely omits discussion of the Trudeau "balanced budget." His finance minister kept asserting that the budget was in balance. Just after Ottawa had successfully placed a big bond issue, he "discovered" a deficit of $475 million, the exact figure that Ontario's Premier Roberts had been predicting all along. (This overrun would be equivalent, in U.S. terms, to a $9.5-billion shortfall.) Since the repeated Trudeau pleas for a balanced budget were the benchmarks of conservative legitimacy for a presumed socialist apostate, it appears that Trudeau's one conservative gesture was disingenuous.

In his 1968 election victory, Trudeau annihilated the Tories in their own power base, Southern Ontario, with the result that most of the first-class Tory candidates were defeated. The Tories failed to elect a single MP from Toronto, a city that ten years ago had total Tory representation. Apart from the fact that a man with Trudeau's outlook became unchallenged leader of Canada, the election was a disaster to Canadian conservatism through the elimination of the Tories as a meaningful alternative to the Liberals. Rooted now in the Maritimes and prairies, the Conservatives present a lackluster image. The Trudeau era, as Mr. Sullivan exults, has begun. □

TELEVISION

SMOTHERING DISSENT: A PUNGENT SOCIAL COMMENT

C. H. SIMONDS

Know what the very latest thing on television is? Later than nuns, later than Negroes, later even than the Eleven O'clock News (which is about to hire a flying black Sister of Mercy as its weather-girl, if I know my television)? Pungent Social Comment—real irreverent cracks about war and sex and race; sticking pins in all the stuffed shirts we're supposed to respect. The sort of thing, in short, that Bob Hope (to name but one) has been doing for thirty years and more. Now, Hope gets a half-dozen short guest spots a year, maybe a special or two if we're lucky; he does his old, familiar, irreverent, shirt-punching thing, superbly, and nobody bats an eyelash. It's just good old Bob Hope, back from visiting the troops.

But let anybody else get irreverently relevant—and ah, the ohs, and oh, the ahs! Censors quiver, columnists prate, and underneath it all runs a steady murmur of obnoxious self-gratulation. The network executives, cowards all, lay on the iron hand of repression (not, mind you, because they are fascists, merely because they are Nixon Republicans who don't want to rock the boat); next day, beaten by the mumbo-jumbo of ratings, they issue puffy statements about how they're striking out in bold new directions. The moving spirit behind the irreverence is that same pushy piousness that has animated America since the Puritans launched their grim Sunday-school picnic: Either Smothers brother can deliver a snide cracklet about Vietnam with the mien of a Methodist preacher condemning sin.

The studio audience (and, by extension, the viewers in their homes) is right on cue. When a Daring Remark is made, there comes a nervous titter, then a gush of applause (not laughter) through which the remarker smiles his self-satisfaction. The folks out there know, bless 'em, that dissent is a part of the American Way of Life: they take their nasty medicine and applaud, each trying to outdo the other in demonstrating his Americanism. That nobody is very amused doesn't seem to matter.

FACE IT, dissent has fallen on evil days. Once we had Mark Twain, Henry Morgan, Bob and Ray. Today, when the Smothers Brothers want to sock it *hard* to the Establishment, whom do they trot out? Why, Pete Seeger, the Kremlin's songbird, with a nasty little gobbet of *gebrauchmusik* aimed at Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson and other barn doors. It was a glib, uninspired tract in the great tradition of American folkum. The fact that Seeger is as red as Mother Bloor's bloomers is of course irrelevant; he should be banned from television because he is derivative, dishonest and dull. Just, alas, like most of television.

The Seeger appearance and the ensuing flap points up the symbiotic relationship between two species of fool. On the side of right were the brave, committed, relevant Smothers Brothers; representing evil were the network executives with attendant censors. The latter leapt headlong into the trap set for them by the former, and then in an executive suite *Gotterdämmerung* Seeger was permitted to come back on the show and sing his little tract uncut, unblipped and un-interfered with. A great blow, it was solemnly agreed all around, had been struck for freedom of speech. The sponsors renewed (after all, how can you be against freedom of *speech*?), Birchy little old ladies wrote nasty letters, and liberal commentators went into squirms of ecstasy. An afternoon

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soap opera should be made of the whole silly episode.

Ever since then, the Smothers have been the high priests of Pungent Social Comment. An incident on one of their shows last season (after which incident I ceased watching them, forever) suggests much about their approach, and the audience's reaction to it. On some pretext, a young boy was hauled out of the audience onto the stage. There was no badinage; it was solemnity time. The Brothers asked the kid this and that; he gave predictable answers for an eleven or twelve year old—thus establishing his credentials as a typical good American boy, not a Commie at all, no sir. During the interrogation, one sensed that something was being *reached for*; the kid was asked what he wanted most, what he hoped for the future, what would make the world better, that sort of thing. At length, cornered, the victim fell back on the dependable tactic of telling grownups what they wish to hear: "Well, uh (shrug), if there, uh, wasn't any more war. . . ."

The Brothers, seasoned performers that they are, did not burst into calloo-callays or click capering heels together. Their solemn faces lengthened another notch or two and one of them—the dumber one, I think it was—said gently: "Isn't that *beautiful*!" Gush of dutiful applause, nervous grin from the kid, smug smiles from the Brothers and cut to the commercial. I do not know what the commercial was for, because I was in the bathroom throwing up. I hope it was for napalm.

As high priests must, the Smothers Brothers go out occasionally into the land to propagate the faith. Thus it was that they caught me unawares on a new (and otherwise rather pleasant) comedy-variety show, *What's It All About World?*, hosted by a nice young man, ABC's answer to Glenn Campbell, who can't sing and doesn't let that stop him. The host introduced the Brothers as the guys who "started the trend of telling about what's really going on in the world." I leapt, upsetting a tray of cold cuts, but did not reach the dial in time to miss the Brothers smirking their smirks as the host told them reverently, "You opened the door."

AND WHAT CAME IN? A lot besides the Smothers, fortunately. On the same show, for example, good old Art Carney did a magnificent bit about LBJ languishing in retirement, waiting for Nixon to call and making a big ceremony out of signing the check for the milk bill ("Give this pen to the milkman, dear, as a memento of this historic occasion. . ."). And there's the new trend-setter, *Laugh-In*, which subordinates Pungent Social Comment to sheer freneticism and which, when it does essay such comment, strives for balance: A song-and-dance number about policemen clubbing and Mace-ing people is balanced with a sketch suggesting the impossibility of arresting anyone nowadays.

Laugh-In pioneers in another once-allegedly-tabu area, sex. There are frequent bawdyish one-liners, and that adorable girl in the mini-bikini who dances around with double-entendres painted all over her lovely self. There is nothing filthy about the show; sex is treated as just another form of good, not-quite-clean fun.

Whether dealing with politics or sex or anything else remotely touchy, though, television remains for the most part either insufferably solemn or unbearably clichéd. Marijuana, for example, is barraged with shopworn conventional wisdom ("It leads to stronger drugs!") not only on the predictable *Dragnet* but also on the usually intelligent *Ironside*. Let there by all means be winds of change, bold new directions, uncompromising frankness. Television should be a lot livelier and more with-it than it is now. But yesterday's wisdom or today's new-left evangelism are equally unsatisfying, equally evasive; with them, television continues to cop out all over the place. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CALL TO CALIFORNIA, *by Richard Pourade (Copley, $9.50)*. This coffee-table-sized and handsomely illustrated account of the Portola-Serra Expedition, which founded San Diego and explored as far north as San Francisco two hundred years ago, follows the familiar format of the non-book: photographs of scenes of Baja and Alta California on each verso page, with capsule accounts of the exploration facing. What removes this from the non-book category and indeed makes it worth owning for any history buff possessing a coffee-table, is the combination of accurate (and in some cases magnificent) photography, both black-and-white and color, with the words of the explorers themselves. Mr. Pourade's narrative, linking the substantial quotations from the explorers' accounts, is serviceable journalism, not really up to the general quality of the book, but not really obtrusive either (except, *pace* the grammarian, for the "captain *who* Serra had befriended," on p. 53). There is a real need for illustrated history of this sort, not only for California, for any other part of our nation where the cities have not yet completely sprawled upon, and obliterated, the countryside the explorers saw, where battles were fought in the American dawn, and men were born with a taste for freedom in their mouth. Some of the California scenes could not be photographed as Serra and his companions saw them—San Diego obviously being one—and the number that could will decrease every year. Yet they are part of our heritage, and those responsible for this book are to be congratulated for showing us a direction men who wish to preserve that heritage should take. J. C. LOBDELL

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, *translated by Guy Daniels (Washington Square Press, $6.95)*. Vladimir Mayakovsky was the poet-playwright—the more or less official "artistic" voice—of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. But like so many artists and writers who initially embraced the Revolution, he eventually came to see the true nature of the new Soviet system and, also like many others, became a victim of it. As Robert Payne writes in his lucid introduction to this complete collection of Mayakovsky's harshly satirical dramas: "There were few intellectuals who guessed that an even more bureaucratic and tyrannical government would be imposed upon them." In his plays, which early received massive official sanction, Mayakovsky moved, Swift-like, toward searing denunciations of the Communist bureaucracy. Tolerated by Soviet officialdom for a time, Mayakovsky's later plays—notably *The Bedbug* and *The Bathhouse*—eventually brought down official censure on the playwright. Unable to conform to the system he had served earlier, he committed suicide in 1930. Although in the years since his death, he has been lionized by the Soviet establishment as the authoritative revolutionary writer, such sanction is, as Pasternak once noted, Mayakovsky's "second death." J. REAL

THE CATS OF AFRICA. *Photographs by John Dominis. Text by Maitland Edey. (Time-Life Books, $12.95)*. As men relentlessly exterminate the wild life in continent after continent, a small band of naturalists diligently observes, investigates, records what it can barely hope to preserve. *The Cats of Africa* is one such record, and a magnificent one, with superb photographs of the lion, leopard, cheetah and smaller kin, in action. The text records (with vigor and verve, be it said) what is known of their life styles, and points to future lines of investigation. It is just possible that the tourist revenue from the African game parks will be sufficient to offset alternate land use, and fortuitously the great animals will not pass from the good earth, which nurtures them in ways yet imperfectly understood. E. MERRITT

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DELECTATIONS

Beyond Bali H'ai

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

ANYONE who saw *South Pacific* is unlikely to have forgotten Bali H'ai—the tantalizing, exotic island-paradise (for officers only!) that Lieutenant Cable first glimpsed from the Seabees' camp, and where later he had his tryst with Liat, Bloody Mary's lovely daughter. Although its specific location was never pinpointed in the famous musical, no one who has seen the jagged silhouette of the island of Moorea (Moo-raya) rising from the Pacific just eleven miles across the waves from the harbor of Papeete, Tahiti, can doubt that it was the inspiration for Bali H'ai.

And no mean inspiration, either. Papeete, capital of French Polynesia, with a population of about 20,000, is a rather bedraggled, appealingly relaxed little sailor-town, whose main street has inevitably been christened the Rue du General de Gaulle. Behind the town the mountain slopes — actually a volcanic cone—rise steeply, covered with tropical vegetation. A leisurely day's drive will take one entirely around the cone, and hence around the major part of Tahiti as well.

Moorea has more class. Pacific islands come in two styles—low-slung coral atolls scarcely rising above sea level, and dramatic volcanic peaks thrusting high into the sky. Like Tahiti itself, and the other Society Islands, Moorea is of the latter type; but it is an exceptionally striking specimen. Every morning a large fast motor-launch carries tourists from Papeete to its comparatively unspoiled neighbor. There is ample time for cocktails, lunch and a motor tour of Moorea's two incredibly lovely natural harbors—Cook Bay and Opunohu Bay—before the boat returns to Papeete in late afternoon. It is not hard to fall into Lieutenant Cable's mood; Liat seems very near.

For the true connoisseur of South Pacific pleasures, however, there are still other delights. Leave Papeete's great international jet airport in one of the small planes that service the outlying islands; pass Moorea and Huahine and further on, Raiatea—sacred island of the ancient Polynesians, from which it is thought they sailed in their great outrigger canoes, a thousand years ago, to destinations as various as New Zealand and Hawaii—and dip down, 140 miles west of Tahiti, onto the modest landing-strip laid out on the coral reef that encircles the island of Bora Bora.

An elderly launch putt-putts you across the shallow waters of the yellow-green lagoon and along the palm-fringed shore of the island itself—massive, dramatic and verdant, like its brothers to the east. The air is so clean you could bathe in it. The boat docks at a small jetty, and you step ashore. Welcome, *mesdames et messieurs*, to the Hotel Bora Bora.

No Hilton, this. A coral-edged path leads up a gentle slope to a large, roundish one-story structure with a rain-proof thatch of impermeable palm leaves. Here are the registration desk, a patio bar, a spacious dining-room and its adjoining kitchen: that is all. On either side of the main building neat paths among the palms curve along the shore, leading to the well-spaced thatched-roof bungalows—some twenty to the east, and as many to the west—that house the hotel guests. Every bungalow is partitioned into two bedrooms, each with its private bath; so one bungalow can comfortably house a family of four, or—by simply leaving the partition door bolted—one can have (as I did) his own private hideaway beside a South Sea island lagoon.

Everything has been anticipated for your comfort and pleasure. Outside the door your own plastic raft, with a viewing window in it, is propped against the bungalow wall. Inside, swimming flippers, goggles and a snorkel-tube have been thoughtfully laid out by the management. Quick—into your bathing-suit, on with the flippers! Let's see; just how *does* a snorkel-tube work? Put on the goggles, then—ah, yes, that must be it. Looking and feeling like some Monster from the Deep, you step shyly out of your bungalow; but there is nobody near. After all, this is your private bungalow, your *personal* beach. Less than twenty feet from your door, warm yellow-green waves splash and sparkle on the coral sand. Far out across the lagoon, one can just make out the white line of the reef, and beyond it the deep blue rim of the Pacific.

Into the water, wading slowly. Warm! 75 degrees? 80? Overhead the sun is blazing in a flawless blue sky. Some fifteen feet from shore, a submerged coral formation varies the lighter pastels of the lagoon with an irregular patch of purple. Up to your chest now, you grip the mouthpiece of your snorkel-tube more firmly—and sink down into the underwater arena just offshore.

No aquarium ever did, or ever will, adequately reproduce the splendors before you. The coral is some five feet away—a fantastic castle of intricate redoubts and lacy fretwork. In and around it, within a yard of you and utterly indifferent to your presence, swims the most gorgeous collection of tropical fish imaginable: stately Blue Angels, gleaming yellow Butterfly Fish, plump Dascyllus with a single white dot on their black velvet sides, Clown Fish in sharply-defined orange and white, one sinuous little rascal in lengthwise purple and silver stripes—the vast bounty of an inexhaustible Creator.

UP FOR A MOMENT, to rest. The sun is hot on your back. You stare incredulously at the surface of the water—just there, over that purplish coral patch. Who would dream of the wonders now swimming less than two feet beneath it? Down again . . . and yes, they are still there. That little purple-and-silver fellow clearly thinks that one particular cul-de-sac in the coral belongs to him; even fish much larger are chased boldly away.

At last—too soon!—it is time for dinner. A tall cool rum on the patio,

(Continues on page 349)

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THE WIT AND HUMOR OF [RICHARD] NIXON

After . . . Kennedy's inauguration . . . Sorensen and . . . Nixon met. . . . The discussion . . . turned to Kennedy's inaugural address. "I wish I had said some of those things," said Nixon. . . . Queried Sorensen . . . "That part about 'Ask not what your country can do for you. . . .'?" "No, . . . the part that starts, 'I do solemnly swear.' "

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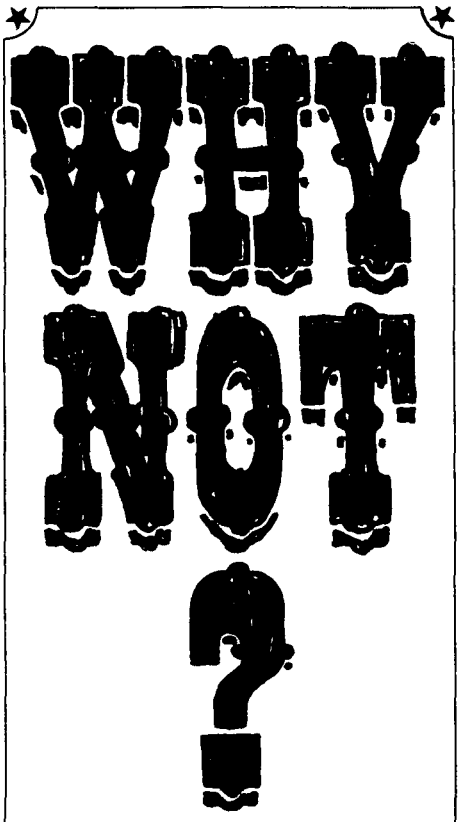

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RUSHER

(cont. from p. 347)

then into the candle-lit dining-room. Will the food be good? *Parbleu* but of course: this, after all, is *French* Polynesia. A tanned young headwaiter in blouse, shorts and sandals is expertly carving a magnificent beef roast. (Is he really Jon Hall, or does he just *look* like Jon Hall?) And there will be a fine burgundy with the beef—a fat bottle brought half-way round the world from *la patrie*, to grace this meal that scarcely has a competitor, let alone an equal, for four thousand miles in any direction.

Later perhaps, a stroll under the Polynesian stars. (Isn't there something almost vulgar about the moon seen through the fronds of a palm?) If on a globe, any place can claim to be the End of the Line, surely Bora Bora is that place. Geographically remote, still essentially unspoiled, it laughs softly at the silly preoccupations of men. If we could hear all it has to say, might we not be wise?

But you are full, and sleepy, and you mean to be up early tomorrow; you may have come to snorkeling late in life, but better late than never. So back to your little bungalow—where you can, for a time, lie awake and listen to the occasional splash of a ray, leaping exultantly out there in the lagoon . . . or fall asleep to the distant thunder of the open Pacific, pounding on the outer reef. □

WILL

(cont. from p. 327)

those who captained the coalition for the Democrats.

The most predictably addled interpretation of the election has issued from the Ripon Society, the embattled and emaciated Stalingrad garrison of liberal Republicanism.

In a post mortem in the December *Ripon Forum*, Christopher W. Beal argues that "while the minorities are polarizing against the GOP, the Republicans' hold on well-educated, upper-income whites has weakened in the North." He was most alarmed by "the failure of the Presidential ticket to pick up strength beyond the states dominated by white Protestants."

All this led Beal to conclude that the GOP "must soon come to grips with the fact that it is resting on a melting cake of ice." Beal's argument is arresting but unconvincing. First, neither Beal nor anyone else can suggest a way —both plausible and palatable—for the GOP to win large-scale Negro support at this time. Furthermore, Nixon's extraordinary arms pledges for Israel did him no noticeable good with Jewish voters. But the brute fact remains that Nixon accommodated himself to the realities of life as a Republican, and won first the nomination and then the Presidency without the help of the Eastern stronghold of liberalism. As Nixon knew from the start, the American conservative majority is a large cake of ice on which to rest a fine political career.

Is the GOP melting away? Since 1964 the GOP has won 1,501 seats from the Democrats in state legislatures. There are now 31 Republican governors, the highest total since the 1920 Harding landslide. Goldwater carried five states in 1964, and the man Goldwater endorsed in 1968 carried 32 states. For the first time in forty years there is a professional Republican in the White House to take advantage of that. If this is melting ice, then the nation needs a heat wave. It is easy to understand why all this depresses the Ripon Society. It is also easy to understand why Republicans are not depressed. □

BROWN

(cont. from page 337)

That would be a great loss. Many of its leaders recognize this danger, but they are convinced that it is better to run it than to do nothing. The Confessional Movement is conscious of defending the priceless heritage of evangelical Protestantism in Germany, something no one else is doing with much effectiveness or widespread popular impact. Men like Rodenberg, Künneth, and Rohrbach are devoted to the difficult task of preserving spiritual fidelity and intellectual integrity despite panic on the Right and derision from the Left. They are therefore more dangerous to the theological radicals than are the more purely negative "raving fundamentalists" of the movement, and it is against them that much of the hostile fire is directed. Their task is not an easy one, but as long as they are there, a responsible voice for conservative Protestantism will ring out in Germany—perhaps the only real alternative to the total secularization of the church and the end of German Protestantism. At the moment they are more than holding their own in the movement, and the movement is on the advance in the churches. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Negro 'Inferiority'

On The Right

New York, March 25—As Mr. Joseph Alsop has observed, "the unspeakable has been spoken." The study of Arthur Jensen, professor of educational psychology at Berkeley, published in the *Harvard Educational Review*, is massive, apparently authoritative. Mr. Alsop put it thus gloomily: "It seems unlikely" that "Dr. Jensen's data" can be "successfully challenged." Those data are to the effect that the average Negro is less "intelligent" than the average white; bluntly put.

If I may say so, liberal ideologues have really made a mess of this situation. As recently as in 1964, for instance, Mr. Melvin Tumin, a Princeton sociologist, presided over a report, distributed by the Anti-Defamation League under the title "Race and Intelligence: A Scientific Evaluation," in which he absolutely certified that all differences in achievement among students were the result of environment, unrelated to genetic factors. Mr. Tumin and others by their dogmatic insistence on "equality" at every level succeeded in persuading typical Americans to put far too great an emphasis on "intelligence"—with the result that the researches of Dr. Jensen can bring such as Mr. Alsop to believe that the end of the world is finally here.

OF COURSE, it is not, Professor Ernest van den Haag, writing in NATIONAL REVIEW (Dec. 1, 1964) about the Tumin report, brilliantly anticipated the findings of Dr. Jensen and brilliantly coped with their implications. He did this in a self-interview which began, "*Q.* What do you think of [the Tumin report]? *A.* Well, Mel Tumin is a good man; at least his heart is in the right place—left of center. According to science, that's where the heart ought to be. *Q.* What about his mind? *A.* It's where his heart is. *Q.* Do you mean he's prejudiced? *A.* On the contrary. He's against all prejudices he doesn't share. *Q.* Would he go wherever science leads? *A.* On racial matters he'd always be able to convince himself that science leads him where he wants to go."

The heart of Mr. van den Haag's analysis, so critically useful at the present moment, should be committed to memory before the ideologists of racism take the Jensen findings and mount a campaign of I-told-you-soism with truly ugly implications. Van den Haag asked himself: "*Q.* Suppose the average native intelligence of Negroes is inferior to that of whites. Would that mean that Negroes are inferior to whites?

"*A.* One may regard others as inferior to oneself, or to one's group, on the basis of any criterion, such as mating, eating, drinking or language habits, religious practices, or competence in sports, business, politics, art or finally, by preferring one's own type, quality or degree of intelligence, skin or hair color and so forth.

"By selecting appropriate criteria each group can establish the inferiority of others, and its own superiority. . . . The selection of criteria for superiority or inferiority is arbitrary, of course . . . . I do not believe that intelligence is any more relevant to judgments of inferiority than, say, skin color is.

"If Negroes on the average turn out to have a genetically lower learning ability than whites in some respects, e.g. the manipulation of abstract symbols, and if one chooses this ability as the ranking criterion, it would make Negroes on the average inferior to some whites and superior to others. Suppose four-fifths of Negroes fall into the lower half of intelligence distribution. Chances are that, say, one-third of the whites will too. Hence, if intelligence is the criterion, the four-fifths of the Negro groups would be no more "inferior" than the one-third of the white group. Judgments of inferiority among whites are rarely based solely on intelligence. There certainly are many people who do not rank high on intelligence tests but are, nonetheless, preferable, and preferred, to others who do. I know of no one who selects his associates—let alone friends—purely in terms of intelligence. God knows, we certainly do not elect to political office those who are most intelligent. I would conclude that whatever we may find out about Negro intelligence would not entail any judgment about general inferiority."

Add to these observations the Christian point: namely that all men are equal in the truest sense of the word, and the findings of Dr. Jensen are placed in perspective. But it will take time to undo the damage brought by the ideologization of science during the reign of American liberalism. □

ON FISCAL REFORM

New York, March 28—We are told that one of Mr. Nixon's commissions is hard at work on the revision of the tax laws, and that is reassuring. They should certainly be revised. They groan under the weight of inequity, and asymmetry, but by that I do not mean oil depletion allowances, the incarnation of evil without the existence of which the *Nation* Magazine would simply have to fold.

I have always thought that the oil depletion allowance is positively the easiest thing around to handle: if the Department of Commerce reasons that there is overproduction in oil (there is, by the way), well let the Department recommend that oil discovered after January 1, 1970 shall not be subject to depletion benefits. Where the typical liberal errs is in lusting for retroactive penalties. Although he is all the time talking about justice, he somehow reasons that it is just a) to encourage drilling for oil by offering the reward of a depletion allowance—and then b) to eliminate that allowance after a prospector has risked his money and struck the oil. It is as if Governor Rockefeller, after plying his lottery tickets and offering $10,000 to the winner of the lucky ticket, should on the day of the drawing announce that on second thought, $5,000 for the winner is quite enough.

THEN THERE IS THE BUGABOO about the man with the million dollars of income in 1968 who paid zero taxes. Sounds bad, but it bears examination. What if in 1967 he lost a million dollars? I note that my brother writers were unanimous a few years ago in asking that rewards for successful books should be applied over a period of five years, i.e., to compensate for the lean years. What we desire for ourselves in

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measuring our exiguous income should presumably apply to others, even if they are rich. Every now and then it pays to remind ourselves that it is not a sin to be rich, yea, neither is it antisocial to be rich.

One fears that Mr. Nixon's reforms will be jerry-built. Raise this tax, lower that one, increase that exemption, reduce the other one, up the sickness allowance, down the cocktail deduction; that kind of thing. And never mind that it has been proved again and again and again that every single effort to make justice by tax laws results in the making of new injustices: and, always, the tax form becomes longer, the tax law more complicated, and always always, human ingenuity manages to exploit the loopholes so that in eliminating this one, you merely create that one.

IF ONLY MR. NIXON would advocate truly radical reform.

Professor Milton Friedman has pointed out that if the Federal Government a) eliminated all personal deductions; and b) doubled all dependent exemptions, the government could c) raise as much money as it now raises by laying down a flat tax of 20 per cent on all income. Any attempt to strain that proposal through the usual injustice-collecting filters leaves us a little confused. Obviously the poor would greatly benefit from doubling the exemption—which, obviously, should be doubled if it is to remain a serious effort to judge the cost of rearing and maintaining a child. Obviously the rich would be hurt from the removing of deductions, tax-deductibles having become perforce a way of life for so many of them. And then on top of it all to abandon finally the progressive feature of the income tax!—that socialist accretion of the Twenties and Thirties, so relatively useless as a revenue-raiser (less than 2 per cent of the government's revenue comes from the—over $50,000 per year—very rich), so obviously punitive.

Then let the individual states write their own tax codes—including progressive rates, as the individual state sees fit. And let the facilities of the Federal Government be available to the states, so that, for instance, a resident of Illinois earning $15,000 per year would pay the 20 per cent to Washington and—after looking at the Illinois chart under $15,000—an additional 5 per cent, which will be remitted by Washington to Illinois. The simplicity, the reorientation of economic effort away from tax-advantage towards true economic advantage, staggers the imagination. Alas, not unlikely it will stagger the imagination of Mr. Nixon's tax advisers who will be afraid to reach out for true reform, fearing the demagogic furies. But who knows, maybe Mr. Nixon has a surprise for us. It is about time. □

A NEW GOLDWATER BLACKLIST?

New York, April 1 — There are only two explanations for the Nixon Administration's spectacular mishandling of the personnel recruitment problem, both of them unappetizing. One is an uncharacteristic inefficiency. The other is ideological spite.

It was generally recognized even before Mr. Nixon's victory that his difficulty would lie in attracting qualified men into government, rather than in holding off hordes of eager applicants. That analysis derived from the general conviction that Mr. Nixon is neither glamorous in the sense that John Kennedy was, nor high on an ideological trip, like Franklin Roosevelt and the early Lyndon Johnson. You can get people to give up their careers and go to Washington if they feel the lure of Camelot, or if they feel the tug of ideological evangelism. Otherwise it is a little harder. I mean, a little harder to get those special people.

The Nixon team, apparently anticipating the difficulty, did the rather foolish thing of sending out thousands of letter-questionnaires to prominent people drawn, it is said though I refuse to believe it, from *Who's Who in America* (from which the truly interesting people in this world are rigorously excluded). The cry was now full-throated—that government salaries, and living conditions in Washington, were the major headaches. How could you get people who were making fifty, sixty, seventy thousand dollars a year to come on down to Washington for twenty-five thousand? And where could you find competent young men, unspoiled by big salaries, who were disposed to help a Nixon Administration, most of the bright young people being Democrats?

I think, in the case of the former category, of a man in his late thirties, drawing down a very high salary, brilliantly educated, extraordinarily accomplished and highly versatile. He was persuaded to offer his services, and he completed the notorious questionnaire. Word about his abilities was given by several influential Republicans to Attorney General John Mitchell, to White House aide Peter Flanigan, to chief Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger, to Pentagon chief Mel Laird, to senior counselor Robert Murphy. That was in November. No one from the Nixon Administration has sent him a postcard.

In the latter category, I know a man in his twenties. He is once again brilliantly educated and informed. He is a top young scientist who at his age is chairman of the department of physics at a major Midwestern university. He has always been interested in public work and in the nexus between science and policy. He was enthusiastically recommended by his colleagues and mentors, and word of his accomplishments reached almost every relevant office in Washington. That was, again, in November; and, again, no one from the Nixon Administration has sent him a postcard.

NOW THE ONE THING that these gentlemen have in common, other than their willingness to work in a Nixon Administration, is that in 1964 they supported Barry Goldwater for President. So that we are hard up on the question: Has this proved to be a crucial disqualification? Is that the nature of the New Blacklist? Granted the anomalies—supreme among them being that, after all, Nixon worked for Goldwater in 1964. And then one muses, would someone with the exact qualifications and background of Richard Nixon have succeeded in getting a job in the Nixon Administration?

Could it be incompetence? But the thought of incompetence on such a scale is appalling. "Now that he is back from Europe," comments the *Wall Street Journal,* "Mr. Nixon will have to address himself in earnest to those empty jobs . . . "

Could it be that up until now Mr. Nixon has not been in earnest? One cherishes the hope that that is the explanation, while wondering why it took so long to develop an appropriate earnestness in a field so critical. Meanwhile there is all the talk about Mr. Nixon having disappointed the conservatives, and it is true that he has done so in some respects, though surely not true that as yet he has forfeited their support. But he should call somebody over from his personnel computer division or whatever and ask him whether somebody tiptoed into the machine one night early in November and programmed the liquidation of everybody who had Goldwater sympathies in 1964. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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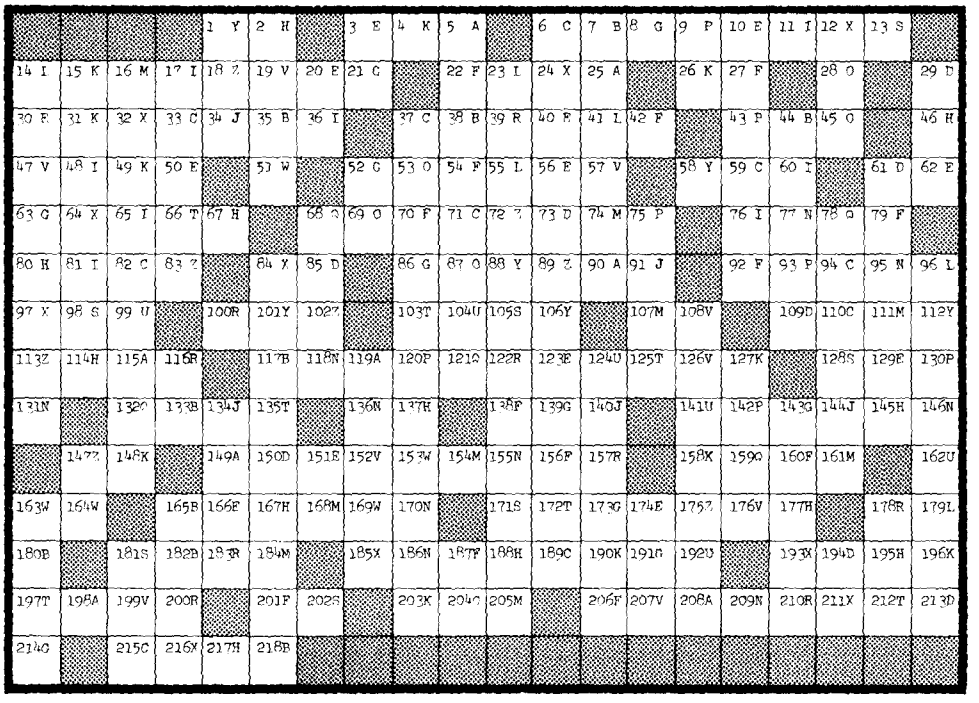
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 348 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



DEFINITIONS

A. An *unidentified* substance isolated from the blood of horses injected with *Actnomyces bovis*
25 90 5 149 198 119 115 164 208

B. An extension of time *granted to one party* in a lawsuit to plead
38 7 117 133 182 218 35 44 165 180

C. Pay on which a worker can barely get by
94 33 37 59 82 189 215 6 71 110

D. An automobile used by policemen, equipped with a radiotelephone
109 194 85 61 150 29 73 213

E. Great mystery story author
151 20 30 40 50 56 123 129 166 174

F. What Dempsey was after fighting Tunney
206 3 10 62
138 22 70 79 92 156 160 187 201 27

G. A form of verse introduced into English by Chaucer
42 54
143 139 21 52 8 86 191 214 173 63

H. The first letter of a book, magazine, etc., larger than the body type and occupying over one line in depth, causing body type to be set around it
167 2 46 67 80 114 137 145 177 188
195 217

I. The condition of a serf under Roman and early feudal law
11 17 36 48 60 65 76 81

J. To work into a uniform mixture by pressing, folding and stretching
134 34 140 144 91

K. An important street, New York City; also a psalm
158 4 26 31 49 127 148 190 196 203
15

L. A Scottish geologist (1726-97)
179 41 14 55 23 96

M. A syllogism in which one premise is unexpressed
184 111 107 154 161 74 16 168 205

N. A peninsula
209 77 95 118 131 136 146 155 170 186

O. To worship
28 45 53 69 87

P. A kind of gas or oil
120 130 75 142 43 9 93

Q. The mother of Dorus, Laodocus and Polypoetes
68 159 132 204 121 78

R. Type of state that eventually accompanies the welfare state
100 183 122 178 116 39 200 210 157

S. A kind of coffee
105 13 98 128 171 202 181

T. The tallest living quadruped animal
172 125 66 212 103 197 135

U. A type of golf match
192 104 99 141 162 124

V. Complete destruction or ruin
199 19 126 207 47 57 108 152 176

W. To get as a return, recompense or result
163 169 51 153

X. The owner of a yacht or his guests
216 64 84 97 185 193 211 12 24 32

Y. Not a family—a tribe
1 101 106 112 88 58

Z. One who owns and leases land, buildings, etc.
18 89 175 83 113 147 72 102

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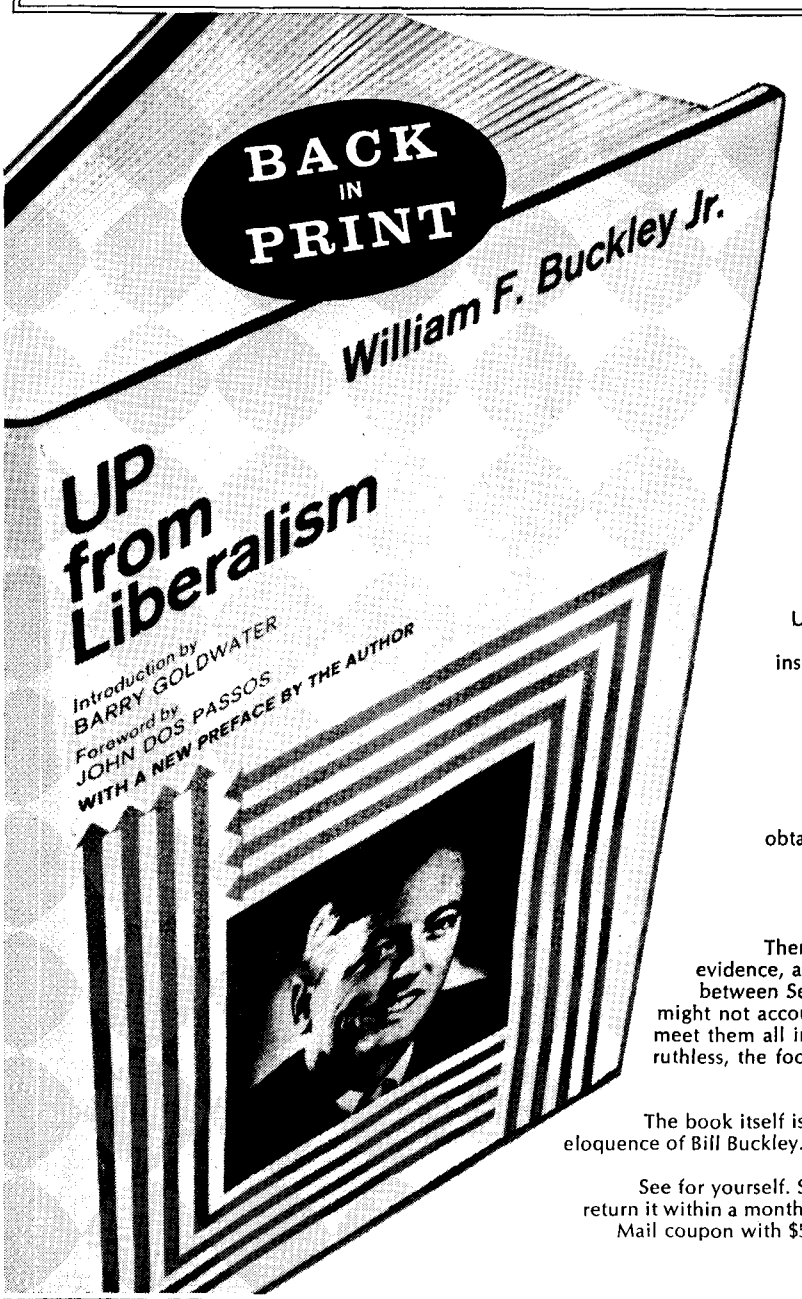
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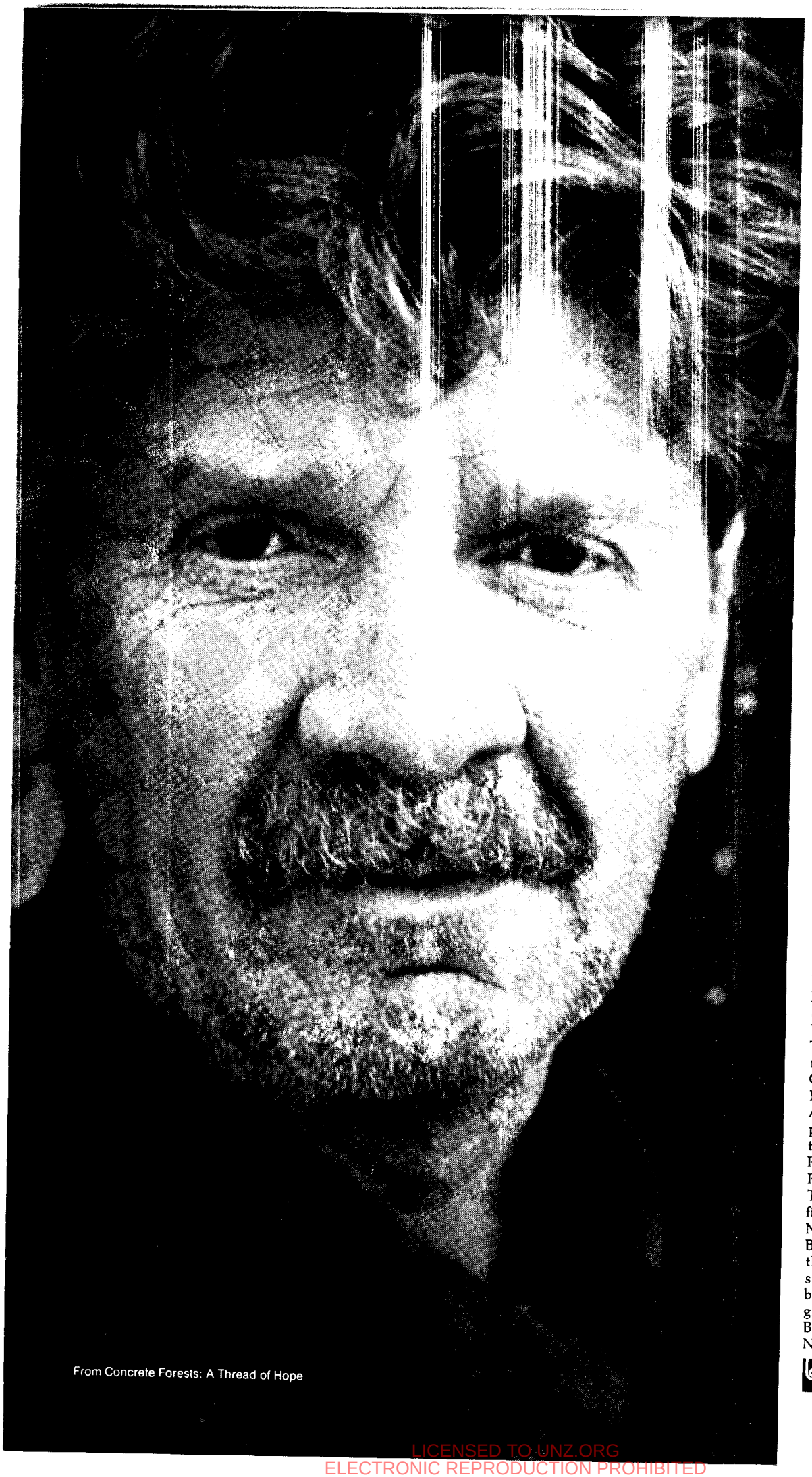

From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

Hidden, sometimes.
But never lost.
Beneath the surface.
Between the lines.
A day begins and its
history is told.
On paper.
Nature flexes her muscles.
Earthquake.
The maimed, the broken,
the dead.
Tragedy and disaster.
But with it,
something else.
Heroism.
Sacrifice.
Man's humanity to man.
Crime. Poverty.
And a life-saving
medical discovery.
Today's history, with
the glimmer of hope for
tomorrow.
The Thread of Hope.
We have something to do
with it.
We make
paper out of paper.
We wash out yesterday's
history.
Renew and preserve
the thread.
Rescue it from the
troubles and tragedies.
Wash out the ink.
Purge the old clays,
old resins, old binders.
Wash them away.
The thread, the fiber,
remain.
Clean.
Newly vital.
And made more manageable,
pure, more stable
through use.
Renewed.
Ready to be paper again.
The thread and the
fiber not lost.
Nor wasted.
But ready again to bear
the words, to reaffirm,
strengthen and bring a
brighter light to the
glimmer of hope.
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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